Oxford County Advertiser.

VOLUME XVIII. { FOR TERMS, See last column, 4th page. } NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1887. { FOR ADVERTISING RATES, See last column, 4th page. } NO. 8.

GEO. P. JONES, NORWAY, ME.,
DENTIST.
Dr. C. A. CLARK is with Dr. Jones.

HENRY UPTON, NORWAY, ME.
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office near F. Howe's Insurance Office.

BEARCE & STEARNS, NORWAY, ME.,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
H. M. BEARCE. SEWARD S. STEARNS.

CHARLES F. WHITMAN, NORWAY, ME.,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office in Grange Building, Main Street.

B. F. BRADBURY, M. D., NORWAY, ME.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over S. L. Crockett's Drug Store.

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK.
Main Street, Norway, Me.
Money loaned on good security, at reasonable rates.
Robert Noyes, *Pres't.* H. M. Bearce, *Treas'r.*

O. K. YATES, M. D., WEST PARIS, ME.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office hours from 6 o'clock to 9 a. m. Office at residence.

A. N. FRENCH, M. D., Norway, Me.
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence, Old National Bank Block. Office open day and night when not professionally absent. tf38

O. N. BRADBURY, M. D.,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
Residence and Office at Andrews' House. Office at head of stairs, room No. 4.

GEORGE W. HAZELTON, M. D., NORWAY, ME.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence, No. 5 Cottage St., near Beal's Hotel. Office hours, 12 to 2 & 7 to 9 p. m.

SOLON A. PUTNAM, BOSTON, MASS.,
Attorney at Law.
No. 27 Tremont Row. Rooms 8. 35 1y

G. W. BROWN, M. D., NORWAY, ME.
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office & Residence, Main Street. Office hours: 8 to 9 a. m., 1 to 2 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.
My prices on and after Feb. 20, 1887, will be as follows:—Office calls 50 cents, visits in the village 75 cents and twenty cents additional for each mile out.

PARIS HOUSE,
Opposite Grand Trunk Depot,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
L. W. JACKSON, Jr., Proprietor.
Free Carriage to any part of the village for the guests of the House 51

FRED L. MILLETT,
Manufacturer of & dealer in Every Variety of
Picture Frames!
Also Furniture, Engravings, Chromos, Panels, Fancy Cabinet Ware, Stereoscopes & Vi ws, Easels, Looking Glasses, Etc.
Ornamental Gold Frames a specialty.
No. 1 Odd Fellows' Block. South Paris, Me
Frames made to order for the trade at retail. 22-1y

A. C. JONES,
SMITH AND MACHIN ST!
South Paris, Me.
Manufacturer of and dealer in all kinds of machinery, steam engines, mill work, wood machinery & tools, bolts, set screws, taps, dies and drills made and repaired. Sewing, mowing & threshing machines, pumps of all kinds, presses, guns, Models, Keys and patterns made to order. Steam and water piping done to order. (1y*)

J. C. BENNETT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Beef, Pork, Lamb, Sausages,
And MEATS of all kinds,
Norway, Me.

J. O. CANWELL,
CARRIAGE, SIGN
AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.
All Work Warranted.
The celebrated ready mixed Queen Ann Paint always on hand and for sale in quantities to suit purchasers. Shop opposite G. T. R. depot. SOUTH PARIS, ME.

GET YOUR MILK DAILY
—OF—
BENJAMIN TUCKER'S
MILK CART!
Good Milk and Honest Measure.
If is want of milk, speak to the driver.

ASTHMA CURED
GERMAN ASTHMA CURE
Instantly relieves the most violent attack, and insures comfortable sleep. NO WAITING for RESULTS. Being used by hundreds in preference to medicine direct and overwhelming testimony to the results in all curable cases. A single trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c and $1.00 of any druggist, or by mail. Sample Free for stamp. Dr. H. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

A. J. ROWE,
Insurance Broker!
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT INSURANCE
IN THE BEST COMPANIES!
At the Post Office, - - Norway, Me.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID
—FOR—
Hides, Woolskins and Calfskins by
O. W. & J. L. PARTRIDGE,
Norway Lake, Me. 3ltf

J. A. TUELL
DEALER IN
Meats of all Kinds!
SOUTH PARIS, - - MAINE.
Cash paid for hides and pelts. The Meat cart runs through Norway and So. Paris daily. 35tf

THE ELMS,
Grover & Burnham, Prop's,
BETHEL HILL, MAINE.
Guests of the House conveyed to and from the depot to the House free of charge. tf

JONATHAN BLAKE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
Oxford County - - - Norway, Me.
All business by mail or otherwise, promptly attended to. 4tf

Centennial Poem!
In Neat Pamphlet form, Tinted Covers, ready.
The most attractive and interesting *souvenir* of our Centennial Celebration.
Will be mailed post-paid to any address on receipt of 15 cts. Address,
DR. C. L. PIKE, Norway, Me.

NOTICE!
I wish to inform my former patrons that I have made arrangements with Mr. F. W. Judkins, my successor in the Clothing business, at No. 132, Main St., Norway, Me., who will have charge of my books until March 15th, 1887, to receive money and give receipts for the same. You are invited to call and settle. F. Q. ELLIOTT.

Agents Wanted
In every town in Oxford county,
TO SELL
RUBBER STAMPS!
of every kind. The best chance ever offered to agents. In this county. Address with stamp
J. H. MURDOCK, Weld, Me.

Stores to Rent!
Two Stores to let—one formerly occupied by Plummer & Folsom, in the Bank Block; the other just vacated by Mrs. Woodsum. Apply to
FREELAND HOWE.

Read the paper for the next 4 weeks. It will cost you nothing. We have over 100 correspondents that report especially for the Advertiser.

PORTLAND & BOSTON STEAMERS
FIRST CLASS STEAMSHIPS of the
OLD RELIABLE LINE
Leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, every evening; Pier 38 Fort Hill Wharf, Boston, every evening. Passengers taken to Gloucester, Rockport, Newcastle, Damariscotta, Boothbay, Bath, Lewiston, Lawrence, Providence, Fall River, Worcester, Springfield, New York, etc., through Tickets and Baggage checked through. For information apply at Pier 38 Boston, or at office on wharf, Portland.
J. F. LISCOMB, Gen. Agent.

NORWAY SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to one of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

OXFORD LODGE, F. & A. M., No. 18.—meets in Masonic Hall, Monday evening on or before full moon. S. K. Knowland, W. M. H. D. Smith, Sec'y.

NORWAY LODGE, No. 16, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Tuesday evening. H. A. Marshall, N. G. A. L. F. Pike, Sec'y.

WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, No. 21, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. J. W. Cromett, C. P. E. F. Walker, Scribe.

GRANGE MUTUAL BEARS ASSOCIATION OF MAINE, I. O. O. F. Annual meeting 3d Monday in January. A. S. Kimball, President. A. E. Pike, Sec'y.

HARRY RUST POST No. 51, G. A. R., meets in Grange Hall the first Friday evening of each month. D. A. Edwards, Commander; E. B. Houghton, Adj.

RESPERANCE LODGE, No. 53, I. O. G. T., meets in New Grange Hall every Saturday evening. M. J. Cook, Thomas Kendall W. C. T.; N. Hatch, W. S.

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 26, meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday eve ing, on or before full moon. Irving Frost, H. P. H. D. Smith, Secretary.

NORWAY COMMANDERY, No. 24, U. O. G. C., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, the first and third Friday evenings of each month. Geo. A. Cleaves, C. G.; Lucella Cummings, 1st of E.

HARRY RUST CAMP, S. of V., No. 42, meets in New Grange Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. J. W. Cromett, Captain; W. A. Ripley, Orderly Sergeant.

PENNESSEEWASSEE LODGE, No. 18, K. of P., meets in their hall Bathew's Block, every Wednesday evening. T. P. Richardson, C. C.; Geo. F. Lassolle, K. of R. & S.

WOLF ROBES!
—AT—
LOWER PRICES
Than ever before known, to close out stock before packing.
All Grades and Sizes $5.00 to $15.00.
CYRUS S. TUCKER'S
Harness and Trunk Store, Norway, Me.

M. M. O'CONNOR,
(*Successor to J. B. Lincoln*)
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Marble and Granite Memorial Work,
Monuments, Tablets, Curbing, Buttresses, Steps, Building Work, &c., &c.,
Done at short notice and at reasonable prices. Old Marble and Granite cleaned and made to look fresh and new.
Shop opposite Pine Grove Cemetery,
P. O. Box 265. (27) Norway, Me.

Metza Latooka!
Fine Blooded BOAR! HALF CHESTER & Half Yorkshire.
Service Fee, $1.00.
Sows to Horse for sale at a bargain—seven years old and weighs 1200 lbs.
45tf DENNIS PIKE, Norway, Me.

Twenty-five Tons!
Extra Nice
MIDDLINGS!
C. B. CUMMINGS, Norway, Me.
1-8

VEGETABLES,
LOBSTERS,
FRUIT,
FISH,
Fancy Groceries,
—AT—
Lowest Cash Prices,
—AT—
A. J. NEVERS', Norway, Me.

G. H. PORTER,
Near Post Office,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
—HAS—
OYSTERS,
By the pint, quart or gallon, or cooked to order and served in good shape.
ALSO THE
BEST 5 CENT CIGAR MADE.
TRY ONE.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO ORDER YOUR
OUTSIDE WINDOWS!
For sale at Bottom Prices, by
S. P. MAXIM & SON,
South Paris, - - Me.
November 19, 1886. 47tf

CHRISTMAS—
—CANDY!
CONFECTIONERY at Wholesale. Manufactured by C. E. RINES, at the
NORWAY BAKERY.
All Confectionery as well as Bakery Supplies, delivered by team. Speak to the driver of the cart.

C. S. CUMMINGS,
NORWAY, MAINE.,
HAS THE LARGST AMOUNT
—OF—
Christmas Goods!
Ever in Stock Consisting of
EASY & PATENT ROCKING CHAIRS
Upholstered in Imitation Ra Silk, Hair Cloth, Crushed and Brocaded Plushes and Spun Silk, also a fine line of
RATTAN CHAIRS!
LOUNGES IN PLUSHES, RAW SILK, HAIR CLOTH, TAPESTRY, TAPESTRY VELVET, ETC., ETC.
Children's Chairs,
in variety, also new patterns in
CAMP CHAIRS!
Parlor Sets in Hair Cloth, Brocaded and Crushed Plush, These are all fresh goods which we have and must
Sell. Prices will be the Lowest.
WARRANTED AS
LOW OR LOWER
Than can be Bought in the Cities.
All goods sold will be Delivered Free to any station on the line of the G. T. R.

—WATCHES,—
CLOCK & JEWELERY.
When in town visit the new Jewelry Store, in the old Post Office building,
BETHEL, ME.
Special attention paid to the REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
I have a fine stock of SPECTACLES in steel and gold frames. Call and have your eyes perfectly fitted.
J. PIERCE, Bethel, Me.
3tf Also, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Piles! Piles!
A sure cure found at last. No one need suffer. A sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching piles has been found, and a single bottle has cured many instances of long standing, and where all other remedies have failed. No cutting or harsh purgative to so suffering after applying this wonderful remedy. It acts like magic on the affected parts and instantly allays the intense itching known only to those afflicted.
THE GERMAN PILE REMEDY is sold by all druggists & medicine dealers, and will be mailed on receipt of price, 25 cts. Prop. Geo. H. Jones Oxford, Vermont. Wholesale Agents, Smith Doughtitle & Smith, Boston; J. W. Perkins & Co. Portland, Me.

TO MAKE HENS LAY!
MEAT CUTTERS,
WOOD SAWS, AXES,
WILSON'S BONE MILLS,
STEEL SPLITTING WEDGES,
KIMBALL'S PLANT COMPOUND
FOR HOUSE PLANTS,
—AT—
C. D. MORSE, Waterford, Me.

Miss LIBBY,
Photographer
Studio, Deering St.,
Opposite Norway Hall.
Sittings made on Mondays, unless by engagement.

S. A. STEVENS,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Surveys of all kinds of Mill property. Farms and Timber lots; also, Village lots laid out, Grades and Levels established, and line of streets given.
The Retracing of Old Lines a Specialty.
All lines retraced by Solar Compass from Free meridian
Plans and Specifications of all kinds of buildings and property, made at short notice. All business promptly attended to.
P. O. Address Lock Box 175, Norway, Me.
We refer with permission to C. E. Holt, A. S. Kimball, Bearce & Stearns, and H. Upton. 21f

WANTED!
A Man who would like a good chance to do COBBLER WORK, and who can do a good CUSTOM JOB, to occupy a shop in connection with a Boot and Shoe store. To correspond with
2tf BOX 46, Oxford, Me.

Flour! Flour!
C. N. TUBBS & Co.
have just received 500 Barrels of
Choice Grade of Flour
bought for Cash at the
Extreme Low Prices
which enable them to sell as LOW as the LOWEST.
CALL AND SEE!
before purchasing elsewhere.

BOOTS,
SHOES
AND
RUBBERS
—AT—
Jackson Clark's,
Norway Block, 47tf Norway, Me.

NOTICE!
First Class Tailoress Girls to work at Norway Village about the 1st of March. Apply to G. V. CROCKER, 211 Middle St., Portland, Me. 5-8

WANTED!
Second-growth Rock Maple Timber!
For particulars, inquire of
J. R. & D. S. SANBORN,
4-7 Norway, Me.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Norway Village in the Forties. No. 18.

On the Fourth of July 1840, an important event occurred to two small boys of the ages of 10 and 12 years. An event which came within a hair's breadth of sending the youngest little fellow across the Styx, as we say, before his time. But of this latter assertion some of your readers would perhaps have a grave question. The event was at least sufficiently fearful to them to send consternation to their hearts and change a day of rejoicing into one of fearful foreboding.

For the first time in their lives, they had permission from their parents to spend Independence Day where they pleased. Of course their objective point was "the village." And to make the celebration of the day more satisfactory and complete, they had provided themselves with a small tin cannon and a small quantity of powder which they carried wrapped in a paper. Memory fails to tell where the terrible cannon was purchased but the powder was the result of a "dicker" trade with a country merchant at Ford's Corner, he giving powder in exchange for eggs. Probably up to that memorable day the two youngsters had never traveled to the village on foot, but had rode there with others on several occasions, and had seen many of the boys of the place and without passing many words they had taken each others measure, as the saying is, as boys will, and were anxious to prove their metal and importance to the city-bred urchins. Hence the most improved pattern of firearms obtainable and the large supply of ammunition to make the attempt complete; and hence the terrible bombardment that commenced as soon as the slight rise of land was reached, near the old saw mill at the upper end of the village. They evidently chose their point of attack with some wisdom, as their right flank was protected by the steep side of Pike's hill, and their left by the saw mill and the outlet of Pennesseewassee Lake.

They arrived on the spot with all their forces well in hand about two of the clock in the afternoon, having halted for rest and dinner near where the ice house now stands at the edge of the pond. Selecting a large rock near the road on the side hill to serve as a parapet of the hill overlooking the village, they thought best to send terror and demoralization into the ranks of the enemy by a few well-timed discharges. Consequently the air for a brief space was filled with noise, and the echoes, rebounding from the low hill, reverberated through the streets of the village, bringing the barefoot boys upon the street with wild eyes and blanched cheeks.

The clans began to gather and very soon it became evident that it was peace and not war. Some came with percussion caps, some with tin whistles, some with cannon cast in iron, and the great work of glorification went on. It soon became evident however that the boy who could make the most noise was to be victor for the day. Now as you descend into the village the road parts, leaving a square or triangular piece of green grass, where now stands a lamp and guide post. The two forces in a fraternizing spirit gathered upon that plot of grass and entered fully into the spirit of the occasion. One side would put in a little more powder, then the other would venture on a few kernels more, and the unusual warlike sounds stirred their enthusiasm and made them reckless.

The two urchins from the country felt that they were being outdone, that the grand effect of the terrific bombardment from the saw mill hill was being lost, and something must be done or the battle would go against them. A council of war was hastily called and after a hurried consultation they concluded unanimously to sponge out their cannon with musket balls, put in all the powder they had left, ram it home thoroughly with green grass and just show those village bumpkins of what metal they were made and leave the battle field for home while the everlasting echoes were being waked by their final broadside.

It was done! Alas, disappointments and defeats come alike to nations and to men, and why should boys expect to be exempt from the common lot. The day that was ushered in so gloriously was destined to go out in gloom. The battle that was fought so successfully was to have a sad and bloody ending.

That cannon burst. A piece of the flying tin struck the younger boy upon the right side of the neck, just below the angle of the jaw, making a wound over two inches in length and apparently an inch deep, from which the blood flowed to our youthful eyes in great streams. The large blood vessels of the neck, to have severed which would have been instant death, escaped by a hair's breadth. Instantly all was consternation and confusion and no boy knew what to do.

To-day on the corner of the street very near where this famous battle was fought, there stands an ancient building used as a dwelling called the "Bee-hive," where usually three or more families find room to "rest and refresh themselves." At the time of the war in that country it was owned by Mr. James Crockett and occupied by him as an old-time general-assortment country store. I well remember the step over the door and the appearance of the store on the inside. Mr. Crockett, as I remember him, was rather a tall, spare man, a little stooping perhaps, quiet and reserved in manner, attentive to business, gentlemanly in his intercourse with others and greatly respected by his townsmen. I do not remember him on that day, but a lady came from the building, whom we supposed was Mrs. Crockett. She acted directly to where the wounded little fellow was, soothed him with kind words, took him to the house, washed the blood from his hands and neck, bound up the wound thoroughly and carefully, and advised the two youngsters to go directly home, which they were very willing and glad to do.

That night "Doctor Dan" visited the father's house, took stitches in the wounded neck and in process of time all things were well. But an ugly scar remains to tell the tale of the terrible fight near the old saw mill, between the two side and inside urchins of Norway Village, nearly fifty years ago. What respect and admiration we always had afterwards for that most excellent and kind hearted lady, who came so swiftly to our relief at a time when we greatly needed help.

In that old saw mill in those days was an old-fashioned "up and down" saw; and my impression is that the reforms of the day did not reach the mill until very many years after the times of which I write—perhaps not until into the seventies. Now the labored, cutting stroke of the saw of old times has given place to the ceaseless hum and whirr of the modern "circular," and so everywhere the march of change, and we trust of improvement as well, goes tramping relentlessly on.

But the old building with the ancient Crockett store within, with its two stories of old time make, standing with its westerly corner projecting boldly almost into the very street, with its narrow old-fashioned finish and its very uncertain color, still acts the sentinel for that part of the village and keeps ward and watch over all who come or go. To all appearance not a clapboard has been changed, or a window given place to a later style, and when the reader next passes by he will see on the "Pooduck" side, (for that is the ancient name for that region of country,) the same *double doors* doing duty for the dwelling house, that once opened for the molasses and cod fish of fifty years ago.

It would seem that James Crockett erected the building that he occupied at the time of which I write as a store and dwelling house, and that he continued to reside there until the day of his death. He is well represented in the modern village of to-day by that straight and tall young man, the well-known Henry of the Pythians, who counts his friends in large numbers throughout the town.

This part of the village was of much importance in those early days. On this corner was a well-assorted country store, on the next corner just across the bridge was another while just above were the saw and grist mills, where much business was carried on.

Joshua Crockett came from Gorham to the Craigie hill, where he lived a few years and moved into Norway, then called Buckfield, in 1796. He lived in the Rust house for a while and then went upon the Crockett farm, where he lived until he died.

James Crockett of whom we are writing was his son. He was Collector of taxes in Norway for over twenty years, was Constable and Coroner for many years, and was also for many years licensed by the town to keep liquors for "medicinal and mechanical purposes," and it is related of him that he used so much care and discretion, and exercised such good judgment in the difficult business that he gave entire satisfaction to all parties concerned.

I wish some of your grey-haired readers would tell us through the ADVERTISER when the Rust house was built, and where it stood.

I am pleased to know that your readers are sufficiently interested in these "jottings by the way" to write and correct any errors they may see. So far I have had neither Rev. Dr. Noyes' History nor any aged citizen to assist me, but have written down in this quiet way whatever my memory brought to mind. It would be strange if I was always right.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Notes from the Foot Hills of Streaked Mountain.

During the summer months Stareaked Mountain is one of the most charming and delightful spots imaginable, when the sides resound the merry voices of numberless berry pickers and noisy excursionists, who, free from the restraints of society and overjoyed at escaping for a time from the dreary routine of the shop, the store and the school room, proceed to make the welkin ring with their songs and laughter. In winter all is changed, the voices have fled, the trees are bare and brown, and the mountain is a cold and dreary waste; its vast solitudes being broken only by the occasional baying of hounds and the voice of the hunter, who with snowshoes and gun follows the fleeting footsteps of reynard.

But schemes are afoot and plans are being laid to make available the great natural resources of the mountain and to make it one of the most popular places of resort and amusement to be found within the bounds of the Pine Tree State, not only in summer but also in winter; for should the toboggan fever continue to rage, it is proposed another season to build a gigantic toboggan slide on the west side of the mountain, the chute to extend in a straight line to the village of South Paris, and to be lighted by an immense electric light of sufficient power, when placed on the top of the mountain, to flood the country with a brilliant light for five miles in every direction.

Parties of youthful excursionists in their transit from the summit of the mountain to their own homes in South Paris and Norway would have but little time to jeer at the gazing rustics by the wayside even if they had breath enough left to do so; and the boy who stands by the side of the track to shout "go," would find himself lifted from his feet and hurled heels over head into a snow drift by the wind from the flying toboggans.

In order to make this mountain a popular summer resort it is necessary that suitable buildings be erected on the top, and that some safe means of conveyence be found to convey passengers up and down its rugged sides. All these things can easily be accomplished, and Dr. Alden Whitman, who resides among the foot hills on the east side of the mountain, has already set the ball in motion by commencing the erection of a frame building on the summit, to be completed in the spring, and by making arrangements with the friendly natives for constructing a stage with one seat.

Lewiston parties talk of renting the building put up by Dr. Whitman, and other capitalists are talking of putting up a hotel here, and of setting up a big wind mill on the top of the mountain to draw passengers up from the hotel at the foot in a small car attached by trucks to a wire cable suspended in the air a proper distance from the surface of the rocks.

A noted doctor who believes in pure air for sick folks, is going to come up here with apparatus for condensing and bottling up the pure mountain air, impregnated as it is with the balmy odors from the grasses and spruces that cover the sides of the mountain, and sending to his patients who are compelled to breath the hot and impure air of the cities. Several other schemes equally as feasible have suggested themselves to the minds of those interested in opening up this grand panorama of nature to the eyes of the summer tourist, but space forbids a mention of them here, so I will proceed to record a few of the startling events daily occuring in the densely populated districts around the foot of the mountain.

Amos Bean who lives on the valley nearest the mountain is a thrifty farmer who is growing a nice pair of steers, also a large fine colt one year old besides considerable older stock. He derives a large income from the sale of blueberries which grow in great abundance on his farm. He sells every year over $100 worth and they are big ones too. Dora Swan is at work for J. A. Sturtevant of Paris; and Lizzie Swan is at work for A. M. Benson in the Whitmore district.

Dustin Turner is a shrewd dealer in domestic animals of all kinds. He has bought and sold and insinuated several girls of sisters this winter and traded cows a number of times. He bought, the first of the winter, two black shoats of A. T. Maxim, why the way is a poor judge of black shoats, and soon after offered one of these shoats to one W. O. K. for $6.00. W. O. K. thought the price too high, but would give six cents a pound, live weight. This was agreed to; the pig was weighed and he came to just $7.48. Mr Turner has a nice brood mare that is quite speedy. She is young, sound, good size, good gaited and well bred.

Edwin Whitman has a very nice pair of dark red oxen, close matched and girting over seven feet.

Amos B. Grant who lives in the Walker house froze one ear badly one night this winter while sleeping in the open chamber.

Stephen Winslow, the false prophet, has swapped horses again. He has got a good looking horse with foal. She came from Lawrence, Mass. My grandfather, who lived in Massachusetts when a young man knew this mare well.

Clarence Porter in connection with J. C. Marble of Peru is doing a large lumbering business in Woodstock this winter.

Henry Whitmore has the largest yoke of oxen in this vicinity. They girt near eight feet and are handsome and well made.

Kendall Winslow lately sold a nice pair of four-year-olds.

Carroll Taylor is wintering a nice large colt for Charley Ayer of Portland, by Norway Knox.

B. Vining is hauling wood for James Turner. He is an expert with an ax. One cold morning a short time ago he was shoveling snow on the public thoroughfare and his ears being exposed to the biting north wind, suddenly began to sting with the frost. Vining, who was a little absent minded thought for the moment that he was moving in the hay field and had moved into a bumble-bees' nest, and the way he grabbed of his hat and switched that bee was a caution to the bystanders. Vining has one of the best pigs in this vicinity.

Grace Vining is spending the winter at her uncle's, in Phillips. Rena Winslow is a skillful performer on the violin.

Benjamin Maxim lives all alone this winter. He has raised up a large family of children. His sons are making good records, some on the turf and in shop and manufactory. Mattie is a skillful musician in Boston and Mary is fine painter. Mr. Maxim is the breeder of the plucky little roan mare owned by the editor of this paper. We have not traced her pedigree any farther back than to Imp. Messenger on the sire's side and to Justin Morgan on the dam's side; but we intend to trace it out to its full extent and have it published in the ADVERTISER, knowing how much the editor's soul delighteth in long pedigrees.

A certain man, no matter who, has been a sufferer for several years with nompus compus mentus and no remedy in the medical department of this paper, has as yet been of any avail to even palliate the disease. We are of the opinion that one Dr. Whitman's mandrake searchers would prove more effective as a means of removing the cobwebs from his brain and promoting a healthy action of the capillary tubes than would the minute sugar coated pills constructed by the Homeopathic school. VERACITY.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Norway in the Twenties.

Over sixty years ago, about half way between Swift's Corner (then Fuller's Corner) and the old Cressey House, now occupied by Wm. C. Hobbs, stood an old two story house with story and half ell which was occupied as a dwelling house for two families, Timothy Stone and a Mr. Howe, one room being used as a grocery store, which in those days meant rum, molasses, cod fish and tobacco. Upon one corner of the house outside was conspicuously attached a sign on which was painted "Timothy Stone, W. I. Goods and Groceries."

In the fall of 1822, Ephraim Brown came from Massachusetts with his family consisting of wife and four children, and took possession of the farm and moved into the house, the two families vacating groceries and all. There was at that time a store at Swift's Corner and it is there now, the same old store though apparently not so old as then, which contained the same kind of groceries as the stone sign indicated—and no doubt the same as are kept there to this day, except the N. E. rum.

In those days rum was the leading article in all grocery stores and no family could successfully keep house without it, to say nothing of the many special occasions, when it was considered absolutely indispensable, such as huskings, bush whackings, trainings and raisings, particularly the raisings. Mr. Brown was not a strict teetotaler but he professed to be a christian and tried to be a consistent temperance man and was fully convinced of the need of reform in the drinking habits of the people in that community.

About the year 1828 there began to be some agitation of the temperance question and societies were being formed, lectures given and pledges taken. Mr. Brown had built a new barn, the old one not being a good one nor in the right place, and had furnished rum at the raising, but a little later he built a shed to the barn and he decided that he would raise it without rum, a thing that many at that time thought could not be done but he was going to try it anyhow. Instead of rum however, he prepared a good substantial supper.

The hands were invited and the day for the raising came, and the people gathered, the frame was raised and everything was all right but the end was not yet, the building had not been named according to custom. The building was a shed roof and the front posts ran up above the rear to make the pitch, rafters being framed into each post and the "ridge pole" dropped into a mortise in the top of the front post and not fastened by pinning. There were four posts and four young men had taken position on the ridge one at each post ready for some chalks. The master workman, S. B. Gurney asked them what they wanted of chalks, they replied to hitch the ridge pole lest it will be off after rum. The master ordered them down. The order was obeyed but they were sure the pole would be after rum before morning.

The company except the four young men, who were a little sulky, all went to supper and then home. In the morning sure enough the ridge pole was gone and was found by some of the early callers at the Corner grocery leaning over the door saying with chalk "I'm dry—I'm dry." Mr. Brown cut and hewed another pole, put it in place and a building had been raised without rum.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Choice Thoughts from the Practical Teacher.

The school depends upon what kind of a person the teacher is, not on application altogether. A good teacher in a log school house makes a better school than a poor one in a palatial building. The pupil needs not only a hearer of recitations but a teacher. The schools are suffering in many places for want of teachers of good habits, of good principles.

Arsenic is poisonous to the physical nature, how much more so is the influence of a teacher destitute of good principles poisonous to the moral character of the young. Druggists are required to label drugs sold with the word *poison* printed in large letters. A failure to comply with the law in this regard would subject them to severe penalties, but a mental and moral poison is far more hurtful than a physical one. Money is trash, character is gold; but words can express the value of the soul? We use this word only in educational sense.

If a teacher is deadly in influence why permitted to be a guide for the tender mind which is capable of being bent aright. If a book is deadly in its moral effects let Poison!! be printed on the top of the cover in large type that all may know what they are buying. We would have Death!! in the largest letters put over the street door of every saloon and Life!! in letters of light over every school room where good teaching is found.

The moral nature of a child needs training as well as the physical. Education has to do with the physical, intellectual and moral nature of children. Cultivate only one of these, not the others, is a failure. True education consists in training a child in such a manner as that he may be fitted to occupy the best position in life that his natural powers will permit, that he may be useful to his fellowmen and of value in the community and thus be the means of making the world better. Scholars should be taught to help themselves.

Anything that tends to lower a love for hard work is unfit to be in a state or school, therefore a person that teaches school because it is easy work for him is unfit for the business. A good woman in the school room is thought by some to be better than a good man. She has more heart and sympathy, and is more keenly alive to the necessities of childhood. A narrow, selfish, impulsive woman is an unendurable affliction, so is such a man, but a broad-minded woman can more thoroughly appreciate the difficulties of women teachers and girl pupils, and provide for their necessities than an equally broad-minded man.

If there is not sex in intellect there certainly is in love and although we admit that young girls and boys are quite alike, we cannot admit that men and women are.

Pupils should be taught to recognize each other by what they are rather than by what they do, provided their work is honorable. Parents and guardians should recognize teaching as the most honorable of human employments. Children should understand that "Learning is better than silver or gold," that a book is better than a gold piece. When our grandparents tell us about the cruel punishments inflicted upon them in their school days, we realize that there has been a reformation and that a reformation is still going on. Why is this, we ask. The teacher that acts from principles that lie within him, from the desire to do the noble thing realizes the effect.

The pupil if taught the consequences of a wrong act will strive to do better, if only punished for it there will not be likely to be any reform. God pity the teacher also the pupils where fear alone bears sway. When scholars are taught that goodness is necessary for happiness, for real progress, they will very likely try to attain to it. It may take some time for these seeds to grow up and bear fruit but a good result is sure, for "As we sow so shall we reap."

The word is spoken, the seed is sown,
And it shall take root and flourish;
When the child to years has grown
We may then the fruitage see.
ELLEN P. KIMBALL.

Beth I, Me., Feb. 18?.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Uncle Daniel Writes.

As I am at home alone with no one to associate with, I thought I would try and write a short item. In the ADVERTISER of Feb. 4th your correspondent from Porter gives a sketch of the schools and school houses in ye olden times. The first seven years that I attended school and perhaps more there was nothing like finish inside, nothing but rough boards, single floors overhead. I well remember the school that was kept in my mother's house in the winter of 1807 and 1808. The teacher was Walter Marshall of Hebron. He afterwards became a Methodist preacher and lived to be old. The arrangement in that school room was much the same as your Porter correspondent describes them.

Our school district comprised the whole of that famous historic Phillips Gore full six miles in length. I well remember many of the scholars. There was Samuel Sawyer, Joshua, Enoch, Thomas and Abraham Lombard, Dennis Lovell, Joseph Scribner, John and Josiah Weston, and many others. At the close of the school there was an exhibition. This was as much talked of as the opening of a railroad from Richville to Dunkertown would be now. The partition was taken down between the school room proper and another large room, by the way no great of a job as it was nothing but rough boards, and a stage was erected for the accommodation of the orators. The day arrived and many of the townsfolks were present and many from other towns. After the exhibition closed they tripped the light fantastic toe as they call it to the music of a colored gentleman's fiddle. I don't remember his name but I do remember they stepped on my toes and this is the most vivid recollection I have of the dance and to this late day I cannot say much in favor of the light toe.

We always had a fire list up over the fire-place with all the boys names large enough to use the ax, and as soon as we read in the afternoon we would have our ax on hand and we knew when our turn came to build the fire and go to the wood pile that was all lengths from ten to twenty-five feet. After getting wood sufficient for the next day we would go for an old stump and with our ax for kindling wood. As soon as school was dismissed we would carry in the wood, enough to last a New York seamstress a large part of the winter. Bright and early the next morning we would be at the school house and would fill the fireplace full of wood. By the time the master (as he was called) arrived we would have a fire large enough to roast an ox.

The first business of the teacher after warming his hands and feet was to make the pens, some twenty goose quills having previously been left on the desk. At the proper time the teacher was called upon to set copies in the writing books, the ink-stand having previously been down by the fire to thaw.

From those who had commenced using the slate you would hear the following, "Master, will you set me a sum?"

I was sixteen years old when the first grammar book started for our school but the boy that it belonged to I never arrived at the school house. My main study at that day was to make up a story to suit circumstances and avoid getting a whipping.

At that day our parents thought the best qualification a teacher could have was to come recommended as using up the most witts of any teacher in Cumberland or Oxford counties the previous year.

The school books at this day would be a curiosity. My first school book was published by a Mr. Webster; if he was any way related to Daniel the connection must have been very distant. The next book that was put into my hands was the Art of Reading. It told us how nature and education could spoil each other's works by working in opposition; and it told us how Demosthenes cured an impediment in his speech, and much other valuable information for children in relation to the old Athenian orators. Then we had the Columbian Orator. There we could read the Pitt speeches in the British Parliament—not one word did we understand, but enough.

I will quality my statement in relation to the green hide and other instruments of torture. After I became a large boy, Henry Millett, ex-postmaster, who lived and died in Norway, taught our school one winter. We were all his friends. He had a different way from many others of keeping the best of order,—by shaming his scholars instead of producing revenge. I will mention but one case, and this came from the fact that Henry was born in Norway and I think always lived there, and was well known by every one to be a jolly good fellow, and had relations that he could count by the hundreds.

Two large boys and a girl to match were found guilty of some breech of school orders. They were called out, the big ruler was introduced, the girl took one end of it in her mouth, one of the boys took the other end in his mouth, the hemlock broom was laid on at right angles, broom forward, the other boy followed on behind with the end of the handle in his mouth, like a spike-team reversed. In this way they were marched across the school room several times. This was the last trouble that Henry had with that team for the winter.
D. SCRIBNER.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

I am a farmer, and have kept books for many years. No other work will prove more satisfactory and profitable, and it is not too difficult for any farmer of ordinary ability. The system once begun, he will wonder how he got along without it, and find that it makes money for him every day. Get a rather narrow "cash book," having opposite pages for debit and credit. It is best to keep this book where you will see it every evening. If "Dr." and "Cr." bother you, head the the one side "Money paid out," and the other "Money taken in." Saturday night transcribe all the week's items in the cash book on to the proper accounts in which I call the ledger. This should be a long, thick, but narrow book, as you will find it easier to have the two sides of accounts on opposite pages. In the ledger you will want to keep a number of accounts, but the two of most importance are to be headed "Farm" and "Family." Let farm account be first of all, and thirty or forty pages further along begin the family account. On the farm accounts credit the farm with everything it brings in; on the opposite page debit it with everything paid out for it.

BEGINNING THE SEASON.—When pictures of rare seeds and vegetables appear in the agricultural papers, and our rural homes are ornamented with elegantly printed cards and pictorial catalogues, we have the suggestion that spring is at hand, and that "We must prepare for the fast coming seed time.

The farmer knows the acres he intends to dress and seed, and can estimate the amount of stable manure he has in yard and cellar to be used.

Much of the manure can be drawn out now and spread upon the snow at less expense than in the spring time, while it will be quite as serviceable as when applied later in the season and at increased expense. This is one of the first steps towards the coming work. It would be of no small advantage if the farmer would now during these long evenings and these stormy days, make a plan of his arable acres and approximately determine the use to which each lot may be assigned—how much for the various grains and roots and other crops, and calculate the quantity of seed requisite for each.

Much of the seed he needs he has saved from last season's harvest, being selected as the best of his product. It may be all right, when compared with other samples may prove so much inferior that to use it would be a serious detriment to him. There is far more depending on the quality of seed than on soil, of culture, or fertilizers, when we consider the cost of each.

The seed should be carefully examined, thoroughly screened, that all deminitive and imperfect seed may be removed, and samples should be put to a test of germination, the seed being counted and the percentage of vital ones noted. This when thus prepared for use should be kept dry and cool, and out of the reach of wasting and devouring agents. But if the husbandman is compel

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

[Entered as Second Class mail matter.]

Joseph H. Johnson of Lovell has had his pension increased. J. F. Twitchell of Hiram has had his pension re-issued.

Mr. Wright of Paris introduced a bill Saturday asking for an increase of pay for the sheriff of Oxford County during court time.

Henry George's theories are to be subjected to a searching criticism by George Gunton, in a paper to be published in the *Forum* for March.

About the 25th of this month a handsome picture of the State House, at Augusta, with interior views of the Senate Chamber and Representatives' Hall, together with accurate Portraits and autographs of the 32 Governors of our State, viz: King, Williamson, Parris, Lincoln, Cutler (acting) Hunton, Smith, Dunlap, Kent, Fairfield, Kavanagh (acting,) Anderson, Dana, Hubbard, Crosby, A. P. Morrill, Wells, Hamlin, Williams (acting,) L. M. Morrill, Washburn, Coburn, Cony, Chamberlain, Perham, Dingley, Connor, Garcelon, Davis, Plaisted, Robie and Bodwell, will be issued by Samuel S. Smith's Son, the Lithographer, at Bangor. This will be the first and probably only publication of the portraits of all the Governors of Maine, and for its historic associations—aside from its value as a handsome office or hall picture—will be prized on this account. The picture is to be in 3 colors, on plate paper, size 22x28. Price $1.00 each, postage paid. We predict for this valuable picture a large sale. Ex-members of our legislature residents in other States will now have an opportunity to revive and keep constantly before them the scenes of their early greatness, and, looking back, more easily remember the cold days when they labored through the deep snows of State Street, Augusta, to reach the imposing granite building we call our State House.

February Term of Court.

HON ENOCH FOSTER, *Justice Presiding.*
ALBERT S. AUSTIN, *Clerk.*
MISS M. S. POWERS, *Stenographer.*
OSCAR E. HERSEY, *County Attorney.*
C. M. WORNELL, *Sheriff.*
H. E. HAMMOND, *Crier.*
SAMUEL R. CARTER, *Librarian.*
W. A. BARROWS, *Messenger.*

In the case of Roscoe G. Heard vs. Amos Blazo the verdict was for the defendant.

Chas. M. Goss vs. Emery G. Young. A real action brought to recover the D. M. Goss farm in Bethel, and the northwest ¼ of lot 11, in the 2d range. The only question in dispute was the ownership of the latter parcel. When the case was reached for trial, Goss gave up the contest, and Young has judgment for the price of the land.
Gibson. Herrick.

Stephen Taylor vs. David R. Hastings, David Hammons, Almon Young, Peter E. Young, Charles Dunkin, Daniel Hilton, Ebenezer T. Nutter, Walter B. Nutter and Henry Nutter. Better known as the Byron line case.
Bisbee. Hastings, Hammons, Swasey.

GILEAD.

Geo. Robertson from Lewiston, was visiting in town a few days since.

C. Towle, of Lewiston, was in town last week.

Al. Scribner has been on the sick list but is now better.

J. M. Philbrooks, of Bethel, was in town last Saturday.

T. F. Horne spent last Sunday with his family at Lisbon Falls.

Nellie Howe is reported as being worse again.

Will not our people take some measures to prevent drunkenness in this place? It is a nuisance the way it is allowed to be carried on and ought to be stopped. I would advise a lock-up and will help pay for the same.

Tallie Cross's sister was here on a visit last week. Mr. Cross has rent here and is working for J. P. Skillings this winter. MONN.

News is very scarce on the north side of the river, but we wish our fellow correspondents to understand that we are alive and well if they do not hear from us very often.

After the prolonged cold weather, the last few days make us dream of spring, and our almanac informs us that we are to have fine weather for the remainder of the month, but "we know not what a day may bring forth."

Thomas Wight of Gorham, N. H., came home on a short visit last week. He is looking well.

A. J. Blake has just received six tons of Bradley's fertilizer which will probably be used by the farmers of this vicinity in the spring.

Mrs. George Burnham, who has been suffering from neuralgia is now better. She has been attended by a physician of Gorham, N. H.

Mrs. Hannah Wight is also more comfortable.

Foxes have been plenty this winter and approach near the dwelling houses without seeming to fear being caught. Hunters seem to be scarce.

Eggs are selling for twenty cents per dozen, and butter for twenty-five cents per pound.

Early lambs have found rather a cold welcome this month, but some were determined to live and thrive in spite of wind and storm.

We would like to see more items from the correspondent at West Bethel.
DINAH.

SOUTH EAST BETHEL.

30 degrees below zero St. Valentine's Day.

Helen Foster has returned home from Lisbon after an absence of five months.

The birthday party of Sadie Barker last Friday evening brought out a good number considering the storm. There were seventeen couples present and all seemingly enjoyed a first-class time. Music by Messrs. Dunn and Foss of South Bethel.

D. T. Foster went to Portland last week to purchase his yearly supply of groceries.

Emma Brown has gone to Revere, Mass. to visit friends. ARAB.

OTISFIELD.

Colds are still the rage.

Mrs. Lyman Smith is better.

Elbridge Mayberry is home from N. H.

There are several persons from Otisfield attending the Bridgton Academy.

Ase Pearce, an aged and the oldest citizen of Otisfield, died very suddenly last Monday night of heart disease.

The heaviest snow storm of the season, ast Thursday night.

Wyatt Edwards and John Noble killed two nice pigs Wednesday.

Mrs. Herbert Noble is at home from South Casco where she has been stopping for two months with her father, Ivory Day.

Roscoe Edwards is at home from Norway.

Nate Nutting plays the cornet very nicely.

Boys, remember there is a law against shooting partridges now.

Wyatt Edwards' new pension office at the corner is all completed.

Colby Smith has one of the best pair of oxen in town.

Andrew Newcomb has a dog that scales 175 lbs.

RILEY PLANTATION.

Mrs. S. N. Littlehale is very low. She has been unconscious since Sunday morning and her recovery seems very doubtfull.

A a man at work for A. Y. Kelliher, in the woods, came very near being injured Monday. A tree partially trimmed, rolled and caught him, tearing his clothes nearly all of from him and scratching him badly.

DENMARK.

Mrs. Rufus Bennett and her father, Isaiah Cheney, are visiting at Springvale and South Berwick.

Jacob Cole and wife from Woodfords have been visiting at Geo. Moulton's.

Edw. Hodge goes to Boston this week.

Mrs. R. A. Crosse from Boston, is visiting at her home.

Lillian Sargent from Portland, has been stopping in town for a few days.

The drama "Through Snow and Sunshine" was presented at O. F. Hall Thursday eve to a full house. A social dance followed. Music by M. E. Wentworth and son.

The Boston Ideal Troubadours gave a concert at O. F. Hall Friday eve. Owing to the storm there was a small audience.

Lillian Smith has been stopping in Fryeburg at Mrs. Frank Thomes for the past week.

Grand Ball at O. F. Hall Friday eve, March 4th. Music by Cole's Band.

BUCKFIELD.

Those who were interested in having a butter factory here met last Saturday afternoon and organized for business by choosing H. D. Irish for President; Alfred Cole, Clerk; C. H. Prince, Treasurer and all other necessary officers, and adjourned to Tuesday evening of this week.

A grand lecture was given last Wednesday eve by Rev. W. F. Berry of Lewiston, subject, "Certainties of Religion."

There seems to be quite an interest in our village in colts. There are quite a number of nice year old colts and the owners seem to think that they want them broken to the harness and sleigh which I think is a nice plan. They have employed the services of Al. Robinson to come to this village and train the colts. He comes most every day, harnesses first one then another. He has had some half a dozen different ones to handle. There are a few that are a little wilful. That kind he says he takes down home and gives them a good dinner and they always come back all right. We notice Fred Bicknell has a very nice colt one year old this spring coming that he is driving around our streets. She looks and acts like a horse. Ira Ames is driving a three year old that attracts considerable attention.

Free high school commenced last Monday.

Died in Hartford Saturday the 19th inst. Wm. Bicknell, aged 83 years. Mr. Bicknell was well known by a large circle of friends. He has been a very noted man in many respects, particularly for his temperance principles. He has always been a staunch temperance man. He was one of the first to organize the Crystal Wave Lodge of Good Templars at East Buckfield and has always been a faithful member of the same. The Lodge will miss him in their midst. Mr. Bicknell was noted as a newspaper correspondent. He was correspondent for a number of papers as the Oxford *Democrat* and Oxford County ADVERTISER well know, for they have received many articles written on postal cards by him that contained more words than any other writer could put on a postal card. Mr. B. was a well educated man in his day. He has taught many schools and has been school committee and school superintendent many years. The family have the sympathy of many friends in this vicinity.

Isaac Fuller has gone to Boston to get him some artificial arms. H.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Lewis Bryant, the miller, has moved back into his own house at Walker's Mills. Mrs. Gustave Kimball will occupy the house he has just vacated.

W. A. Jones tipped over on the road to Bethel and his colt got away and run a little way. No damage was done.

E. E. Rand was at home over Sunday.

Died at this place on Thursday evening, Feb. 17th, of dropsy, Freddie son of E. Lester Tebbets, aged 5 years, 10 mos. and 17 days after an illness of nine weeks. Last fall the whooping cough was in the village and he with others caught it but he was out doors as usual until about nine weeks previous to his death. Since then he has been confined to the house and has daily been under the care of physicians who pronounced his disease as above caused by the kidneys. Mr. and Mrs. Tebbets has the deep sympathy of this community in their severe affliction. The funeral services were held at the church by the Rev. G. B. Hannaford, after which the remains were taken to Evergreen Cemetery, Portland, for interment.

Stephen D. Libby had his hand caught in one of the patent lathes at the spool mill and is around with it bandaged. No bones were broken, and he will be able to work in a week or so.

C. E. Stowell had his hand cut badly Sunday by having a knife close on it while fixing the fire.

There is talk again of an exchange of proprietors in the Mount Abram House, this time a Paris man.

Some of our horse men here are intending to enter some of their fast horses in the races at Bryant's Pond, March 2nd and 3rd.

Services at the church Sunday next by Rev. A. R. Sylvester of Bethel at 2 p. m.

SWEDEN.

Edmund Kimball died Feb. 12th aged 71 years and 6 months. Deceased since April last has had lung consumption, but his suffering is past and he has gone to join those of his family who had passed on before to the spirit land. Six of his children are with him now while five and the mother are left in mourning here. He left this life with the perfect assurance of a glorious home in the eternal world.

George S. Bennett has been sick for some time but is now improving.

Lillia N. Bennett has been sick with erysipelas in head and face but is much better now and in a fair way for perfect recovery.

Charles H. Brown is sick with neuralgia and his old enemy dyspepsia is troubling him again.

Eliza Nevers is sick with a bad cold and sore throat.

Benjamin Knight has lost his horse but has team enough left for good business.

Charles W. Knight has four oxen and two horses on the road hauling shook from E. W. Bennett's shop to Bridgton railroad depot.

Business is lively here if the snow is four feet deep.

LOVELL.

E. C. Andrews begins a private term of school, at the village, on Monday next. He has taught a successful term of school at the Centre.

E. C. Russell, Edith M. Stearns and Annie G. Stearns have gone to Bridgton to school. Quite a number will go to Fryeburg this spring.

The Christian Circle met on Tuesday last with Mrs. Benjamin Russell.

CASCO.

The roads are all blocked up almost impassable on account of the big snow of Friday, the 18th, at which time there fell about one foot.

Mrs. E. A. Barton went to Norway last week and had her teeth extracted.

W. C. Pinkham and wife celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their added life at their residence at Quakerville on Saturday, Feb. 26th.

Mrs. Eleazer Meserve is very sick.

Hope to hear of the appointment of John W. Chadbourne as Deputy Sheriff soon.

The Band is prospering finely, meeting every Tuesday and Saturday night.

J. T. Sylvester and Hall Edwards are marketing potatoes and apples, getting into Portland market some two hundred bushels per week.

D. C. Smith and James H. Jepson are putting in a supply of superphosphate for themselves and for sale.

Mrs. Babb made eighteen pairs of pants, whole suit of custom clothes and coat and vest besides in one week.

Mrs. Albert Jepson who has been visiting her relatives in Massachusetts has returned.

EAST STONEHAM.

On the evening of the 17th inst. the members of Camp A. Richardson gave a musical entertainment at G. A. R. Hall. Some excellent pieces were sung in a very acceptable and pleasing manner. Although disappointed by the absence of two actors whom they had expected to aid them yet the minstrel troupe (home talent) did nobly considering the short time for practice. Much credit is due the Captain of the Camp, Geo. W. Speers for his untiring efforts to make the evening's entertainment a success. The banjo was played by H. B. McKeen. A. H. Speers played the mouth harp. Forrest McAllister, a boy of 7 years, danced a clog dance. A bone solo was played by Alfred H. Speers. The bones used on the occasion possess historic interest from the fact that they were manufactured from a piece of a dining table, once belonging to the well-known rebel General Beauregard and were taken from that General's house during the Rebellion by a soldier of Co. B. 29th Maine Regt. (an uncle of A. H. Speers.) On a small piece of the table leaf left still remain stains of its former use when loaded with the costly viands of the "sunny south." I cannot tell the name of the wood which formed the table but it seems to be filled with some mineral substance resembling gold dust, which sparkles in the sun and cuts quite hard. Perhaps some one familiar with the forests of the south can tell the name of the wood.

A young son of Austin McAllister, while coasting on the cruse the other day came near being fatally injured by running his stomach on to a stake. He was carried home and for a while his folks feared he could not live.

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

Uncle Daniel Scribner writes us about a brother:—My oldest brother died Oct. 16th 1872, aged 81 years. He never was out of Maine but once, never was farther west than Boston, never farther north than Bethel and never farther east than Brunswick. He never was in a railroad car and never wrote but one letter in his life. In the spring of 1814 he went to Boston and hired with a farmer of Medford, Nathan Adams. The farm was on Winter Hill, in Medford, of Revolutionary fame. This was when he wrote the letter to his mother to inform her of his whereabouts. I recollect the letter as distinctly as though it had arrived yesterday. The postage was 12½ cents.

SOUTH BETHEL.

Snow is said to be four feet deep in the woods.

L. O. Bryant has moved from Locke's Mills on to his farm in this place. He still runs the grist mill at Locke's Mills.

As Mrs. Marcus Swan was hastily passing from one room to another one day last week, she stepped on a small rolling stick with which the children were at play and in falling she struck her side upon a chair, breaking three of her ribs.

Mrs. L. W. Russell is getting better.

We expect to see your Bethel correspondent more brilliant than ever now since his recent intellectual feast.

Question at the lyceum was decided unanimously in the affirmative, no one voting in the negative. We trust Congress will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly. No more irredeemable seventy cent dollars, if you please. Question next Saturday, "Resolved that government should recognize no civil distinction in the sexes."

RUMFORD.

Thayer's men have finished making shook and returned to their homes.

Hattie Martin from South Paris is visiting her friends here.

Mrs. M. J. Colby has returned home from Mass. where she has been spending the winter.

RUMFORD FALLS.

Samuel Richardson is very low. Fears are entertained that he will not recover.

The main talk here is about the railroad coming to the Falls. No doubt but what the scheme will be put through and before next fall we shall see the cars here. It is difficult to tell whether they will come from Bryant's Pond or from Canton. There is some contention.

Mexico Corner people are getting a little enthusiastic over the railroad project. H. W. P. is highly elated.

L. H. Reed has his store nearly completed.

Frank Virgin is finishing the interior of his house so as to take a few boarders if there is anything done at the Falls this season.

The ladies are getting wide awake on a meeting house. They have organized and no doubt but they will in due time accomplish their desire.

Henry A. J. Rolfe has a span of three year old Norman colts that are proving to be very fast. It is said one of them trotted on the ice the other day in three minutes.

WEST POLAND.

The High School at Poland Corner, taught by Mr. Everett of Poland, commenced Feb. 14th with fifty-two scholars in attendance, seven of whom are from this place.

Everard Megquire closed his school at Hartford last week, and is now attending school at Hebron Academy.

A truck on the pond has been prepared a number of times for horse trotting but a heavy storm comes just in time to spoil the fun.

New windows are being put in to the F. B. Church on Megquire Hill.

Symptoms of the rug epidemic have appeared and many are already dyeing.

S. H. Dudley is sick with a cold. He has a little son eleven years old who can go twenty miles and drive home cattle in a tough snow storm, and then if required could jump over the moon.

Aunt Katie Hanscom is quite sick. She is ninety-six years old. She retains her faculties in a wonderful manner, and has been a very smart and active woman through life.

NORTH PARIS.

Our school closed on Friday last after a successful term of twelve weeks, under the instruction of Clara G. Bryant. We believe this was Miss Bryant's ninth term in this district, which is as good a recommendation as one could wish to have.

Rev. N. G. French, Baptist State Missionary, has been with us during the week past. Meetings every evening. We hope and trust they have been a means of grace to all who have attended.

O. D. Ellingwood has purchased the blacksmith shop now occupied by him of Mrs. H. B. Hayden and is finishing off the second floor for a dwelling house. It will make him a very pleasant home.
NICK.

WELCHVILLE.

Mr. Dickson, the retiring overseer of the Harper Co.'s weave room, left for his new home on Monday last. His place is filled here by David Wooley of Maynard, Mass.

Mrs. Jane McAllister was taken very sick on Sunday morning last, but is a great deal better at the present writing.

Rev. J. M. Buffum instituted a Lodge of Good Templars at Poland Corner on Monday eve of this week, assisted by members of Garfield Lodge of Mechanic Falls and Aqua Pura Lodge of Welchville. There were 21 charter members. We think the Lodge starts under very favorable circumstances. HAMILTON.

EAST WATERFORD.

Wardwell, the cattle man of Otisfield, was in town last week.

W. S. Merrill has a very good colt nearly two years old, after H. M. Fiske's "Gen. Garfield."

A Russian peddler giving his name as Hyman has made regular trips through this section for some time. He carries a lot of dry and fancy goods.

A very heavy fall of snow last Friday and again a lighter one Tuesday, making many of the roads most impassable.

Geo. Hilton has swapped horses.

Otis Martin is hauling hemlock bark from Lynchville to Norway. TRANSIENT.

HANOVER.

There was not a very large crowd out to the drama on account of the severe snow storm. About 20 couples stopped to the dance. The drama will be repeated next Monday night, the 28th.

H. N. Howe found a shawl in the road which the owner can have by calling at his house.

Gardner Roberts had the end of his thumb taken off by running it too near the saw.

EAST OTISFIELD.

A very profitable term of school in district No. 4 taught by Anson Cobb of Webb's Mills closed last week with an entertainment on Saturday eve consisting of declamations, recitations, dialogues and music both vocal and instrumental, closing with the laughable farce "On a Whaling Voyage." The parts were all well taken and gave evidence of considerable natural talent as well as good instruction and thorough drilling, and was much appreciated by a crowded house.

E. M. Greenleaf and family of Auburn are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Benjamin Knight is very sick.

Mrs. E. S. Greenleaf has returned from her stay in Auburn.

George Reed is at home from Taunton, Mass., where he has been at work as attendant in the Insane Asylum.

UPTON.

Snow is getting deep and the loggers are complaining of too much. S. E. Morse reports snow five feet deep in open growth up on the Magalloway where he has been at work.

Hay has taken a rise and is selling for sixteen dollars per ton.

We noticed Peter Russell on the streets with his fine stallion. He says he has been offered four hundred and twenty-five dollars for one-half ownership of him. He is a very fine horse.

If any of the readers of the ADVERTISER have a second hand safe for sale, they might hear of something to their advantage by letting us know it through the columns of the ADVERTISER.

W. M. Brooks has arrived and commenced his school in Dist. No. 1.

WEST BETHEL.

Herbert Mason has had a crew of men shoveling snow on the railroad for about ten days.

Harrison French has been sick with the erysipelas.

Eugene Mills has come out of the woods where he has been to work with two horses.

Darius Farwell has been quite sick of late.

The dancing school at the village is flourishing finely.

Mrs. Luther Briggs, an aged lady 83 years, is very low with rheumatism.

EAST ANDOVER.

The lyceum on the Hill was well attended, the house being filled to its utmost capacity. The discussion of the question occupied but a short time. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

Elder Abbott of Peru is holding meetings in East Andover.

Elsie Roberts who has been visiting her mother in Andover has returned to Oxford.

Joel L. Merrill has gone in the logging swamp again.

Thirteen pickerel were caught in Roxbury pond in three hours last week. S.

GREENWOOD.

Orin Ring's little girl is sick with lung fever we hear.

Mrs. Jacob Emmons is feeble.

We hear Winfield Emmons has been quite sick lately.

Will Judkins' wife has been very sick. It is thought with good care she may get up.

B. F. and Johnson Martin have arrived home from Bridgton with their big load of fish which was 100 minnies and those they bought. Since that they have caught 10 pickerel one day with the help of their minnies.

Orin Ring has been sick about ten days, confined to the house we hear.

John Roberts has finished hauling timber for I. F. Emmons.

I. F. Emmons is hauling wood and hay to West Paris getting ready to move.

Mrs. Lydia Whittle is not very smart, is so as to be about the house.

We hear David P. Brooks is in a fair way of getting an ox goading. "My grief," David says, "I don't think I shall stand much of a one." JOHN.

PORTER.

The school at the Kezar Falls Institute began Feb. 21st.

Charles H. Pugsley of Boston is at home for a short visit, will return to his business sometime this week.

Levi Ridlon has gone to Portland to visit his sick son, Francis W. Ridlon.

O. A. Morton of this town, after teaching a successful term of school at Eaton Center, N. H., spent a couple of weeks at home, and is now attending school at the Kezar Falls Institute.

There is considerable sickness in this vicinity.

Charles Patterson is sick, but is thought to be improving.

Freeman Durgin still remains in a critical condition.

Mrs. Levi L. Cook is also on the sick list, but we hope she will not long remain there.

Leonard Walker has been suffering for a week or two with asthma. He is troubled with this disease every winter.

L. D. Wood went to Portland last week loaded with potatoes and apples. He reports the sale for them in the city very dull.

Eggs are selling here for 16 cents per dozen but the hens have not struck for more pay yet. One thing sure and certain, we shall not get up at four o'clock to light our hens on to their nests to lay eggs for that price.

It should read in our last week's items Miss Ella M. Durgin instead of Mrs. We doubt if the lady was pleased with the latter title.

Irving M. Rounds has been on a visit to his relatives in Tamworth, N. H.

"Dick" closed his school in Dist. No. 4 the 17th, and began another term at South Hiram the 21st. We are misinformed about its being a select term as we have since learned it is a town school. We want to say to the boys in that district they had better walk pretty near the line now, or they will be likely to get straightened. S. L. H.

STOW.

One of the worst storms for the season visited us on Friday; there was about 12 inches of snow fell. High winds on Saturday.

Aunt Susan Farrington died very suddenly of a shock Saturday night. She was a highly esteemed old lady and will be very much missed in the community. The funeral will be attended on Saturday by Rev. J. H. Roberts.

Tuesday evening was the 20th anniversary of the wedding of Isaac A. Walker and wife. About fifty of their friends were present. It proved a most enjoyable occasion. The presents were numerous.

Your correspondent enjoyed a very pleasant call from your agent, Mr. Charles.

We were given a very fine entertainment by the dramatic reader, J. E. W. Smith, of East Parsonfield, assisted by Prof. Preston, who gave us some very fine music. We consider Mr. Smith one of the finest readers we ever heard.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box For sale at Noyes Drug Store.

RUMFORD CENTRE.

Hattie L. and Delia A. Glover have returned to Lowell, Mass. They left their sister, Mrs. R. E. Dolloff more comfortable.

Juliett Lufkin is very sick.

Abbott & Bennett's mill is running.

The list of voters at the post office has only 257 names. The Sept. 1886 list had 276.

Friday's snow storm was the deepest for the winter, there being a foot of solid snow. We counted 12 yoke of oxen on one breaking team.

F. P. Bartlett is in town.

WEST SUMNER.

The high school here under the charge of E. L. Tuel opened last Monday morning with twenty-four scholars. The number no doubt will be increased during the week.

Two horse buyers, from Sebago have been here for a few days looking over the horses in this vicinity. They say they have found several good horses but cannot pay the prices.

No cases of diphtheria just now. Three cases were fatal.

The S. S. Com. were at H. S. Coburn's last Tuesday completing their report of schools, which will be printed with the selectmen's report, as per vote of the town last march.

C. C. Spaulding of Buckfield was in town last week selling goods for Charles McLaughlin & Co. of Portland.

Can any body tell why Fairfield Farrar goes to North Buckfield every Saturday and returns the first of the next week?

Oscar must not talk so loud that his electioneering can be heard above the hum of Chase's saw at a distance of forty rods.

The real fun of a surprise party is in notifying the party before hand that they are to be surprised.

John Heald and J. A. Noyes made a trip up through Rumford and Byron last week after oxen and cows. John knows where to find good trades.

Prof. Chamberlain's singing school is held Monday and Tuesday evenings of each week.

Rev. Mr. French, Hayti missionary preached at the Baptist church last Sunday.

PARIS HILL.

Juvenile teams are plenty in our streets. We noticed last week Will Jackson, Everett Perkins and George Proctor each with a pair of calves drawing a small sled. Jerrie Thayer, not to be beaten, harnessed his large dog into a baby sleigh.

H. C. Davis, esq., lost a valuable cow last week.

Chandler Rawson is building a barn.

T. M. Crocker and family started last week for their winter home in Ocala, Fla. to be absent two months.

Among the strangers in town this week are the following: Noah Barker, of Exeter; Stephen Taylor and J. Houghton of Byron; Col. A. D. White and O. Spaulding, of Buckfield; Stillman Reed, of Frye; S. T. Holbrook, of Oxford; F. C. Porter and Waldo Pettingill, of Rumford; Rufus Prince, Turner, and P. S. Leighton, clerk of courts, Androscoggin county.

A. E. Furber is confined to the house by sickness.

FRYEBURG.

The fire fiend was not content with the Oxford House but Thursday of last week about 5 p. m. the alarm sounded. This time it was the house owned by Stephen Ward and occupied by H. W. Cousins and family. Willing hands saved what furniture possible but the fire had gained headway when discovered and as there were no means for extinguishing it, the house and barn were soon destroyed. Mr. Cousins' loss is estimated at about one thousand dollars, no insurance. All the clothing of the family, dishes and silver ware and the greater part of the furniture were consumed. The house was insured for about one thousand dollars.

There was a very pleasant entertainment at Diamond Rink Saturday evening. This week Wednesday at same place Boston Ideal Colored Troubadours.

At an enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of the village it was decided to incorporate the village as a Fire District and procure suitable appliances for protection and preservation of property. Messrs. A. O. Pike and T. C. Shirley were chosen to introduce a bill into the present legislature for this purpose.

The Arguanauts, the ladies society of Fryeburg Academy, held a public meeting at Academy Hall Thursday evening.

ALBANY.

John Flint, who has been at work in Lynchville for Joslin Sanders drawing birch to his mill, finished last Saturday and is now at home.

Isaac Crooker lost a nice cow last week cause stoppage.

J. W. Bird has sold two nice cows to Thomas Green of North Waterford.

Fred Miller of Bridgton was in town last week with a nice span of horses.

Rose Bird is in town visiting her parents, J. F. Bird and wife. Thinks she will stop two weeks.

J. F. Bird went to Gorham, N. H., last week to visit his son Wellington, who is driving a two horse team in the logging swamp. He reports business lively.

Thomas Green of North Watterford was in town last week on business.

Mary Barker, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Wyman of North Norway for a short time, has returned home.

Feb. 4 Frank Sloan surprised many of his acquaintances by his marriage with Bessie Rich, youngest daughter of J. G. Rich, esq., of Greenwood. He celebrated the occasion on the night of the 17th inst. at Cummings' Hall in a manner which gave much pleasure to all who were present. At about nine in the evening Mr. Sloan introduced his young bride who gracefully received the congratulations of friends. After which thirty-one couples joined them in the grand march around the hall. Refreshments consisting of fruit and confectionery (enough and to spare) were served after dancing had been indulged in till about midnight. After which dancing began again, lasting till three a. m. when the company dispersed well satisfied with the evening's enjoyment. PETER PINDER.

BRYANT'S POND.

The long talked of trotting match on Bryant's Pond is to come off on Tuesday and Wednesday, Mar. 2d and 3d. A grand good time is anticipated by lovers of the sport.

Ronello Davis is attending school at Bridgton. Walter Bartlett is to attend the Bethel Academy this spring.

Mrs. Elijah Day is reported as failing.

Charles Coffin has sold his trotting colt to New Hampshire parties for $350.

HARRISON.

SUMMIT.—J. Q. A. Waterman who owns a nice farm in this vicinity is doing an extensive business lumbering in Albany. It is rumored he will not come back on his farm this spring but will sell or let to reliable party.

Lyman Shedd had a valuable ox strangled recently while giving some sample medicines for his appetite. He thinks it was caused by holding the animal's tongue.

Quite an excitement prevails in this vicinity over the prospect of a large bourding house which it is said Portland parties intend to erect the coming summer. It is a desirable location and one that ought to be improved.

We noticed the announcement of the first lamb of the season in the last ADVERTISER. S. K. Wight has a flock of thirty-five that will put that wee fellow in the shade, twelve of them will weigh thirty pounds apiece, less than one month old. He has not lost a lamb for three years though several have made their debut with the mercury 24 below zero. He raised forty last season which he sold in May for three dollars per head. A party of hounds visited his barn a few days since but made a speedy exit, showing good sense.

HEBRON.

The architect John Calvin Stevens of Portland, will commence on the plans for the new academy soon.

An illustrated lecture was held at the Chapel Tuesday evening by Gibbs & Brainard of the junior class, Colby University, on "China and the Chinese." Many beautiful views on American scenery was exhibited.

Wallace Andrews, who graduated at the Academy in the class of '78 is visiting the school. He has two sisters attending the Academy this term. Mr. Andrews is one of the prominent teachers of Portland.

Mr. Luce from Montreal has bought 80 barrels of apples of Charles George, 75 barrels of Isaac Bearce and a number of barrels of Dea. Mondy. He pays $2 25 and finds his own barrels and puts them up.

Ellsworth Cushman's mare got cast in her stall Saturday night and could not be got upon her feet in the morning with the help of three men. She was killed at once. His other horse that was injured a few days ago had to be killed Monday afternoon.

Bert Glover is sawing wood with Edward Bartlett this week.

Mrs. A. G. Turner has lately received an increase of pension granted by the present Legislature.

The number of students at the Academy is still increasing, one hundred and twelve are now on the list. Quite a number of the class of '86 are taking a post graduate course, two are preparing to enter the Sophomore year at Orono State College, and two more having changed their minds as to a college course are preparing to enter Colby.

Messrs. Bartlett & Glover are sawing wood by machine in this vicinity.

Mrs. Howe gave a reception at the Trustee House, Monday evening. A large number attended, and were excellently entertained.

Rev. Mr. Harden holds special meetings at Mechanic Falls this week.

It is expected that a reunion of the classes of '85 and '86 will take place in the near future, consisting of reading letters from absent ones, history, poem and supper. All the members of these classes are invited.

The singing school has been given up.

NORTH RUMFORD.

John Howe finished his term of school in District No. 6 Saturday the 12th, and started on a trip to Boston; Portland and Concord, Monday.

John Grover says he shall not winter in Maine next winter if he knows himself; he wants to sell his farm and go to Florida, "The land of flowers." He has one of the best farms on the river, and for anyone who wants a farm this is a chance for a bargain.

N. A. Austin and wife started for Vermont, Monday, the 14th, where they are hired to work on a farm on the Connecticut. He left word with me to send him the ADVERTISER as soon as he could tell his P. O. address, so that he could keep posted on the news of Old Oxford.

G. B. Hoyt has two fine Eclare colts.

H. E. Hutchins has his wind-mill attached to the gearing to work his saw, and now all he wants is wind, and that is something that a man don't have to wait long for in this country.

If you want to see some brackets that would do credit to a professional just call and see Master Amos Holt's scroll work, miniture parlor sets, corner brackets and about every thing any one can think of.

Geo. Hoyt's colt ran away the other day as he was unharnessing before shoeing. He ran from Hutchins shop to W. Elliott's when he made a turn and was captured by A. C. Elliott. No damage was done and the sleigh kept right side up.

M. A. Howard's school, on the Isthmus closed Thursday the 17th.

Twelve inches of snow fell Friday, disapointing many who were intending to go to the Hanover drama.

Preston Thomas' sleigh took a spread as he was coming from mill, and he left it at Ellis River bridge. He took his grist on his horse's back and started for home.

C. Cushman's Canadian team took like a rugged pair, and, unless appearances are deceitful, they are good ones.

KEZAR FALLS.

Henry Clay and wife are to have charge of our town farm for the coming year.

F. W. Redlon still remains very sick in Portland.

The North Side district school closed last Tuesday.

Jos. F. Chute G. K. of R. and S. of the Grand Lodge of Maine K. of P. has been in this place for a day or so.

Orrin L. Mason has taken a contract to build some sleighs for J. W. Murphy of Newfield

Some of our young men have left for Boston thinking to get a job on the horse cars.

Justin Sawyer, formerly of this place, died of consumption at his home in Quincy, Mass., Jan. 5th. His remains were brought home and buried at South Hiram.

Charlie Smith is very sick.

Tobias Stanley has moved into Henry Clay's house.

Measles are keeping some of the young people in the house about here.

Capt. Stephen Perkins died Friday. His remains will be carried to Eaton and buried.

The entertainment given by K. F. D.C. was a success every way even to the evening. The only fault we heard is about the young —— with the quid in his mouth.

Four inches or more of snow Friday.

Read the Advertiser; it contains all the local news of Oxford county, full and complete. Fifty cents buys this paper four months.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle at Noyes' Drug Store.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

Cures pains, internal and external. Relieves Swellings Contractions of the muscles. Stiffness of the joints Heals Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches. (Best Stable Remedy in the world.) Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and all kindred afflictions.

A LARGE BOTTLE. A POWERFUL REMEDY Most economical, as it costs but 25 cents per bottle.

Druggists pronounce it the best selling medicine they have. Sold everywhere. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine only prepared by, and bears the name of

NELSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.
JOSEPH A. SNOW, Agent for Norway and Vicinity.

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO

Farmers of Norway can also purchase Soluble Pacific Guano of

O. G. CURTIS,

Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at

GRANGE STORE, SOUTH PARIS,

O. G. CURTIS, AGENT.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st N. Y.

140

A Flour Found!

That Suits every time.

OUR INVINCIBLE

Beats Them All.

We have a few choice grades of raisins which we are offering at prices calculated to sell.

1 lb. New Prunes 7c,

Smoked Hams, Salt Mackerel, Salt Pork, Cod and Pollock, Boneless Cod and Smoked Halibut at reasonable prices.

OF TEAS AND COFFEES

We make a specialty.

STRAWBERRY, RASPBERRY, CURRANT AND CATAWBA

WINE JELLY

In Tumblers, Mugs and Schooners. Ours is the only place where

Sweet Cider Jelly!

Can be found. Raspberry and Damson Preserves in 5 lbs. pails at a figure that sells them.

Quality, Weights and MEASURES GUARANTEED.

BROOKS & BUCK

140 MAIN STREET,

NORWAY, - ME.

G. V. CROCKER,

TAILOR,

151 Main St., - - - Norway, Me.

FIRST-CLASS WORK
—AT—
FAIR PRICES.
☞Satisfaction Guaranteed.

We have on hand a surplus of Teas, in all about 100 Dozen J. & G. Meakins English White Granite which we will close out at the following prices:

Unhandled Teas per set six cups and six saucers, selected ware, 36 cents.
Handled Teas, 2ds in same ware per set, 30 cents.
Unhandled Teas, 2ds in same ware per set, 25 cents.

This is lower than these goods are sold at wholesale. We make these prices to close out an over stock.
HOBBS' VARIETY STORE.

NOTICE!

The story concerning Miss Nora Smith of Mechanic Falls is an utter falsehood.
H. E. SMITH.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—Paris, February 19, A. D. 1887.

This is to give notice that on the 16th day of February, A. D. 1887, a Warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said county of Oxford, against the estate of Alfred A. Parker, adjudged to be an Insolvent Debtor, on the petition of said debtor which petition was filed on the sixteenth day of February, A. D. 1887, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed;

That the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law;

That a meeting of the creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of

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...DKINS
...GEST & BEST STOCK
—OF—
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— Clothing!
...Gents' Furnishing
in town.
...e upon the head of
...dreams, or whoever
...books."—[Carlyle.]

...OXFORD
...STORE!

- - - 1826.
...ished 1886.

OPEN!
NORWAY, ME.

...T FULLER
...LERS IN
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... want of good goods,
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Working Shop!

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... Applied to Backache,
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...t. Cures Dyspepsia and
...al internal disease. Sold
...r $1. Mailed for price.
...., Proprs., Boston, Mass.

...derful
...THENER

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1887.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Gen. Beal was at Augusta last week.

F. Q. Elliott remembers us with the *Pensacolian*, a 56 columned Florida paper.

G. V. Crocker invites you to step into his store and examine his stock of goods.

One dollar buys a pair of French kid boots at J. F. Allen's.

U. S. Marshal Harmon of Biddeford, was in town Thursday.

C. K. Smith will soon remove to South Paris.

Carload of pressed hay that is nice, just received, at Brooks & Buck's store house. †

Lilla Stearns has gone to Bethel to visit her sister, Mrs. Newton Richardson.

As March approaches the interest in the annual town meeting increases.

Hon. Rufus Prince of Turner, was in town last week on a visit to his daughters.

Oxford Co. Pomona Grange will meet with South Paris Grange the first Tuesday in March next at 10 a. m.

The ladies are invited to attend the auction sale of dry and fancy goods, at Brackett's afternoon and evening.

A manufacturer from Lynn, Mass., was in town last week to engage parties to work in a shoe factory in Mass.

W. H. Whitcomb and H. M. Bearce have gone to Pennsylvania on business this week.

Mrs. A. A. Long on Winter Street wishes to take washing to do. Work done well and at reasonable prices.

The indications point to a very success ful run of business this spring at the shoe-factory.

Chas. S. Penley intends to move from the village to Wm. Knight's, Crockett's Ridge, this week.

J. W. Everett, the meat man, is paying cash for veal calves. Those who have calves for sale should call on him.

It is reported that George R. Howe, who is at present engaged in business in New York, is soon to make Norway his residence.

"Two Puddifoots" is the farce that will be presented by the Pennesseewassee Dramatic Club of Norway, at Bolster's Mills next Friday evening, March 4th.

Gen. G. L. Beal and Miss Agnes Beal attended the reception of Canton Worumbus Patriarchs Militant to Gov. Bodwell at City Hall, Lewiston, Tuesday night. Fifteen hundred people were present.

The sermon at the Universalist church last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Caroline Angell was one of the best we ever listened to. Her subject was ably and philosophically treated.

A large lot of oranges just received at A. J. Severs'.

The Grangers will play the drama "The Last Loaf" at Grange Hall Monday evening Feb. 28th beginning at 7:30. Dancing after the drama. Every one is invited whether a Granger or not.

Mrs. Sumner Parker came home from the General Hospital at Portland, where she had been for surgical treatment of the eye. The operation was quite successful.

Buy the "Seal of Mexico" the best 5 cent cigar in town at A. J. Severs'. †f

The Pennesseewassee Dramatic Club play "Once on a Time" at Bolster's Mills next Friday evening. This will be a fine opportunity for the young people to have a nice sleigh ride and "take in" the play.

The notice of the Old Folks Concert last week was premature. It will take place some time in March. Due notice will be given of the date.

Brooks & Buck will sell you just as good cucumber pickles as your aunt Susan can make. †

Perry W. Judkins has gone to Boston after new goods, and as soon as he returns will offer his present stock of hats, caps, coats, pants and childrens' goods at greatly reduced prices, to make room for spring styles.

The Ladies' Universalist Circle will meet at Convert Hall Tuesday afternoon and evening of next week. Supper at 6:30. The young gentlemen will give a minstrel entertainment in the evening. All are very cordially invited.

Masquerade party at Norway Hall next Thursday evening. Young Frisbie's music and a good time is expected. Haselton will do the prompting. You can wear such masques as you see fit. Tickets to gallery 15 and 25 cents; to floor gents 25 cents, ladies 25 cents. All are invited.

G. V. Crocker has moved into the Hathaway block and is putting it in shape for his business. Mr. Crocker is a tailor and comes from Portland where he has been in business for several years. See ad.

Get your oranges at A. J. Severs. *

Capt. E. W. Bisbee has one of the best roaders in this part of the State. We saw behind his horse Wednesday evening white Cap. held the reins to Norway Lake and back. Part of the way we fairly flew over the snow and it was as good as a toboggan slide.

W. S. Abbott is sick and confined to the house. He recently caught a severe cold. This and a complication of other complaints has made him dangerously sick for some days. He is considerably more comfortable now.

Horace Cole has added fifty volumes of new books to his circulating library. They are principally books for boys, and of travels, etc. Mr. Cole reports a larger demand for books and more business during the past year than for the ten years that the library has been established.

J. F. Huntington & Co., first-class merchant tailor, keeps a large stock of woolens of the latest styles, which they will make up into custom made garments of all kinds to order, and fits.

The village schools begin Tuesday of next week. Mr. Whitten during his short vacation is visiting other schools of the same grade in the State and will call upon the State Supt. of Schools at Augusta. The spring term will undoubtedly be the best since Mr. Whitten and Miss Hamilton have had charge of the High School. We predict an increased attendance and interest.

Geo. A. Cole is holding an auction sale of dry and fancy goods at C. E. & F. P. Brackett's Branch. Their store is to be remodeled and fixed over hence they must close out their immense stock of goods. If you attend this great sale you can get goods almost at your own price. The sale continues afternoon and evening.

Allen, the boot and shoe man, is having a genuine mark down sale of boots, shoes and rubbers. See ad.

The electric street lights have been remodeled and put in a proper trim to stay the past week. The new ones are being put up. They are now suspended over the center of the street or placed above the poles. The stores that have recently put in electric lights are Brackett's Branch, Dry and Fancy Goods; J. F. Allen, Boots and Shoes; T. J. Rowe, Barber Shop; J. O. Crooker, Hardware; E. B. Houghton, Book Store.

Visit Brackett's auction. The goods must be sold at once. Private sale in the forenoon. Auction in the afternoon and evening. See advertisement. Read it.

The gospel temperance meeting at the Methodist church Sunday evening drew a full house and was one of the best of this series of meetings. Much enthusiasm was elicited by the speeches of Rev. O. S. Pillsbury, Mr. Libby, Snow, Loveloy, Devine and others. Nellie Stuart sang in her usual excellent manner a temperance selection that was listened to with rapt attention, as did also Miss Grant. At the close of the meeting a number of signers were obtained for the pledge.

Harry Jones, the 15 years old son of Dr. Jones the dentist, recently told Henry Russell of Lovell that if he would let him pull his teeth and make him a new set all himself he would do it for nothing. Russell consented and appeared at the office at the appointed time and young Jones pulled his teeth. This was some six weeks ago. Later on the impression of the mouth was taken and the false set of teeth made and fitted by Harry. They have been worn now some time and are pronounced all right and Harry is jubilant over his success in surgical and mechanical dentistry. Russell is pleased as he has a good set of upper teeth that has cost him nothing.

Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Webb attended the Governor's Reception at Lewiston.

A. S. Shaw and wife have moved to Wakefield, Mass.

The Public Library has received about forty volumes of valuable public documents through the kindness of Hon. Nelson Dingley, jr., consisting of the complete census statistics of 1880, comprised in twenty volumes and the Congressional Record of last session of Congress and first session of 47th Congress.

Oysters and clams at W. S. Abbotts, also all grades of tobacco.

School in district No. 9 closed Feb. 18, Cora E. Stuart, teacher. The following pupils were not absent one-half day during the term: Sadie Frost, Maud Frost, David Frost, Harvey Frost and Virgil Flood. There were two prizes offered for superior spelling. In the first class the prize was awarded Lillie Frost; in the second class to Virgil Flood.

Don't miss the auction sale of dry and fancy goods at Brackett's Branch, now in progress. *

The Norway Light Infantry visited Gorham, N. H., last Tuesday evening. They gave an exhibition drill, concert and ball. A large party from Norway went with them. They report an excellent time and splendid treatment by the Gorham people. Young's Orchestra furnished music which was duly appreciated by all. The military boys cleared about $30 on the venture besides having a capital good time.

Read Allen's advertisement. It will pay you to visit him.

William Young who lives with his son, Fred L., on Spring Street, is at the present time the oldest man living in Norway, there being only one person older, Mrs. Susan Woodbridge. Mr. Young is one of six surviving members of a family of fifteen members. The united ages of the six living is 522 years, average age 87 years, viz: Nathaniel, 94; William, 92; Daniel, 87; Mrs. Noyes 85; David and Jared, twins, 82.

Notice the prices of foot wear at John F. Allen's, opposite Elm House, Norway. If you want boots and shoes, visit him.

Will some of the knowing ones express their views. In this paper, on the following subjects: Shall we raise all our highway tax in money? Shall we allow a discount to those who pay their money tax before a stated time? How much of the public debt ought we to pay this year? Should appropriations be overdrawn? Should there be an investigating committee to examine the town books? Is it advisable to have a liquor agency? Should the warrant be published in a newspaper? The columns of this paper is open for the discussion of the above subjects.

You can buy an orange for one, two or three cents, at Brooks & Buck's. †

In a note from I. L. Witherell of Rochester he says: "I am very glad to see that Norway village is still progressing, with water works, electric lights, toboggan slide, new streets, and last but not least, Chas. B. Cummings' great oriental bear show. 'Hope his shadow may never grow less' and that 'Goat Island' will always remain in his possession." So say we all. We see by the *Courier*, this business is booming at F. W. Breeds' shop at that place. If reports are true we rather guess that Uncle Witherell is getting more business at Rochester than belongs to him.

SOUTH PARIS.

John Plummer has had his pension reissued.

One of our young men who was out late one night last week, reports some wonderful optical phenomena. A light with the vividness of lightning, and the playing around of three round balls of fire.

We hear that William Shaw and P. Richardson have taken the luxury of a trip to the lake region.

We hear that we are soon to lose one of our citizens, S. Caldwell who thinks of moving to Norway.

Annie B. Furber has finished her school at Tray Corner.

District Master Workman A. A. Beaton of the District Assembly, Knights of Labor, is expected to be here Thursday and Friday.

One of our most enterprising young men, Loren B. Morrill, has committed matrimony, the bride being Belle M. Garland of Paris Hill. Mr. M. is the pattern maker for the Paris Mfg. Co. He has recently erected a fine residence at Paris Hill which will be his future home; but will still continue in his present capacity in this village. He and his bride are at present on a wedding tour to Massachusetts.

The Paris Mfg. Co. are putting in a large blower, which when completed will carry the sawdust away from the machines and deposit it in the engine room for fuel.

Mrs. Joseph Poole is visiting in Vermont.

Fred Coombs is soon to open a blacksmith shop is this village, so we understand.

Dr. Rounds was confined to the house a few days last week with an abcess on his neck.

The following are the officers of the Good Templars: John Webber, W. C. T.; Lizzie Winslow, W. V.; Rev. A. G. Fitz, Chaplain; Mellen Cummings, Financial Secretary.

A history of Turner has just been issued, in which is Geo. E. Wilson's centennial address.

The Thayer Bros. lost a valuable horse last week.

E. J. Spofford was presented by his wife, last Sunday morning, with twin girls.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Keith express their sincere thanks to their many friends who gathered with them on the 4th inst. and leaving with them many tokens of their regards.

COOK'S MILLS.

Will Jordan has returned home after teaching a very successful school in Windham. His stay at home will be brief, as it is his intention to return to North Bridgton to complete his studies. He is a very enterprising young man and as a teacher has few equals.

Lizzie Maxfield has been passing the past week with her uncle, S. C. Maxfield.

A dance at G. A. R. Hall Feb. 21st.

The shed connected with Richard Cook's mill broke down Saturday owing to the heavy weight of snow, Nathan Lord barely escaping with his life.

Henry Lord and wife have returned home after an absence of six weeks. They were warmly welcomed by their many friends.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

South Casco.

This little borough nestled among the lofty hills and mountains which rival those of Oxford County, and famed for once having been the home of the noted author Hawthorne; also of Francis Ratdieux, the now only known surviving soldier of the legions of the Great Napoleon, is a community of well-to-do farmers, mostly descendants of the first settlers, who seem all happy and contented, never changing or wishing to change their place.

The chief industry is the coat shop of Fred Dingley which gives employment to many females in this and adjoining towns.

There is some considerable logging going on, mostly on the old Lewis Gay farm. This farm was offered a few years since for $1,500 but people only laughed at the owner. Now the timber has been sold for above $8,000 and large quantities of wood and the farm left.

The people are highly elated with the prospect of a railway for which a charter is about to be granted, but how or when it will be built is a question unanswered.

The snow is quite deep though the frequant rains make tolerable going. One of the older inhabitants who always keeps a record, says the entire fall of snow is just 72 inches or six feet.

Two miles to the north is what is known as the Quaker neighborhood. They have an ancient meeting house built by the early settlers in which meetings are held twice each week. The meetings are conducted in a very odd curious manner. The assembly are all promptly in their accustomed places at the appointed hour, calmly and quietly fold their hands and sit apparently in deep meditation for an hour. Then without a word being spoken arise, shake hands and as silently depart.

Sometimes a verse or two is sung by some of the younger members. This is a newly adopted custom never known in former days. Their marriage ceremonies are equal with their manner of worship. A meeting is called and the two lovers in the presence of the congregation arise, take each other by the hand and utter these words, "Friends in the presence of this assembly I take this man (or woman) to be my wedded husband (or wife) until the Lord shall see fit by death to part us."

No member of their society is ever allowed to come to want or be a town charge, but all are well provided for.

The schools in this and adjoining places are being visited by a strange kind of a creature whom we can justly call a school crank. He claims to be a clergyman and says he has driven his old horse from Eastport to Chicago visiting schools all the way. We saw him yesterday at the school-house in this place. His poor old bouey nag standing with ears at a half cock and head bowed as if in deep meditation or silent grief, exposed to a merciless driving storm while his master took complete possession of the school, ordering the scholars about very much to the discomfiture of the teacher and terror of the pupils.

"Don't lie to me you young sinner," he says to a lad who presumed to give evasive answers to some of his interrogatories. "I'm a minister. Stand up straight and only look at me, seventy-two years old and straight as a corn cob while you are all bent over."

At last when he had said his say he ordered one of the boys to bring his team, shake the snow from his blankets and tuck him in, after which he took his departure much to the relief of both teacher and pupils, we dare say to force his attention upon the first school he came to.

When he wishes to tarry for the night he tells at some good looking farm house and after announcing himself and his calling lays claim to their hospitality with so much sang froid and cheek that it is seldom denied. MARK TAPLEY.

[Written for the Advertiser]

An Encounter with a Panther.

The following story is told for a fact, but investigations have been made that show that it is an out-right fabrication, made up for an excuse to screen some real facts that are not worthy of note here. But the story is too good to let pass.

Last Saturday as a young man, whom we will call Sheridan, was after a load of birch, a short distance from this village, [Gilead] on the hillside, and near the pile of wood to be loaded, he was suddenly sprang upon by a panther of good size. With no weapons of defense only a good stick he held the ferocious beast good play until he broke the stick up. Then the panther caught his hand and stripped off his mitten, leaving a slight wound with his sharp teeth.

Gaining advantage of the animal at this point he picked up a dead stub limb that chanced to be lying near and dealt the animal such a wicked blow as to partially cripple him. Thinking this too rough play, the panther gathered himself up and bounded away. There was an ox on the sled, but the oxen became frightened at the first ouset and ran some distance away.

Mr. S. received a slight scratch on one hand and a few rents in his clothing, having excellent courage, thus defeating so ferocious an animal, he went and got his oxen and returned to the woods, and came out with his usual load. MUNN.

[Communication.

Oxford Village has one gentleman of whom they should boast. Two ladies from Norway had occasion to have their team put up at Oxford Feb. 23, and when ready for their return the reins were passed them crossed. The horse being quick to start, also to mind the reins, turned them out "uninjured" and made for Norway on the run. Mr. Morris Clark assisted by a young gentleman took his team and started in pursuit of the runaway, overtaking it at the junction of the Oxford and Welchville roads. The team was stopped by a gentleman who was going to Oxford. We have many thanks to offer Mr. Clark and those prompted by him for their kindness in returning our team. MR. AND MRS. N. HATCH.

The Gifted Davis Quotes Poetry

AND HURLS IT AT OUR OFFICE CAT.

EDITOR OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER:—I see by a communication in your paper that I am expected to reply to the same poetically and as have no time at present to call up my muse I send the following extract from one of Maine's gifted poets as a fitting reply. H. C. DAVIS.

[From David Barker, poet.]

"As age begins my blood to cool,
I rather all would doubt my spunk
Than for a moment undertake
To fight a human skunk."

This brings to the mind of our office cat the following wise saying of a noted jurist:—

"When the preponderance of evidence is so overwhelming as to utterly exclude contradiction upon fact, the gifted attorney who can bray like an ass, weep like a maiden, rattle symbals and quote poetry sometimes wins a verdict from a jury that the court sets aside as contrary to law and evidence."

A GLIMPSE OF THE PATHETIC.

An Old Man's Experience in the Wilderness—His Home-Sickness.

I had a glimpse of the pathetic the other day. Riding out from a town, whose chances of being a city are fully equal to her dreams, we took dinner at an oasis in a desert of speculative claims. We had to navigate—another tender-foot was with me—to reach our dinner. For miles we drove over prairie sod as tough and unsubdued as ever rose unmarked by the hoofs of buffalo in early spring. In some places spring fires had mowed off the dry grass and left the sod to spring up in green after-growth. Buffalo wallows and their counterfeits, "burn outs," were numerous. Houses, straw-stacks and falling claim shanties built of sod dotted the horizon and furnished landmarks by which to steer. Braking, grown up to weeds or lying in flat ribbons as far as the eye could reach, served to indicate sections and center lines, and so after tacking and putting about several times we reached our destination, sixteen miles northwest of town. We had passed several comfortable homes and thriving fields of wheat and oats in the first miles of the trip, but in the latter portion thrift and enterprise had yielded to weeds and speculation. The land was not so good, but, quite good enough for nonresident traffickers in the toil and perseverence of actual settlers.

We were cordially received, unharnessed and fed by a white-haired man of 60, who, with his son, were struggling with nature and comparative solitude. He cooked a good dinner, and over it told us about his experience in this third wilderness. He had pioneered in Illinois and and Wisconsin for thirty years. "I can stand the 'butchin' it," said he. "I can stand working hard and living as I did in the woods of Wisconsin on simple fare. Work is about the same everywhere, and there's something about this climate that will make a lazy man want to work; but, sir, this solitude is wearing on me. I'm a man of social habits. Every sane man wants to be among his fellow-men, and here, except Small, who lost his wife after bringing her here half dead from Michigan, we haven't a neighbor within three miles. I'll tell you what I'll do—and he looked out of the window on to sixty acres of as fine wheat as the the 1st of June found anywhere—if I can trade this half section for some small farm somewhere in the east where there are farm houses, churches, school houses, town meetings and such like, I'll do it and let the big farm go." He spoke with a fervor such as breathes in those lines:

"O, solitude, where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face?"

The silence and suspension of appetite, that followed give way to the pathetic and then a heated debate between father and son ensued. "Give it up? Trade for a side-hill farm? Not much. You've rustled too hard for three years, father, to go to plowing kitchen garden furrows again," said the son, and then the old man lifted his head, picked up his fork, smiled and remarked: "It will be fun, John, when we get a reaper into that wheat."

This is where the humorous crowded the pathetic and the compensation of hardship—"hatching up" and looking for neighbors—came in and we left the old man, who is almost tired of pioneering, in a cheerful frame of mind.—Dakota Cor. Philadelphia Times.

SKETCH OF "M. QUAD."

ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE AND GENUINE OF OUR HUMORISTS.

Beginning His Career by Being Blown Up on a Steamboat—Three Noted Charters of His Creation—In His "Den" or "Sanctum."

C. B. Lewis (better known as "M. Quad) is perhaps the most unique and genuine humorist this country has produced, excepting only Artemus Ward and Hosea Biglow.

"M. Quad" is not a humorist "artist"—a boss mechanic who manufactures jokes as a carpenter does packing-boxes, with saw and jack-plane and much exudation of prespiration. He is naturally and spontaneously funny. Humor gushes from him like champaign from an uncorked bottle, bubbling and effusive, and drenching us, whether we will or not, with laughter. And there is wisdom with his wit—strong, homely common sense mixed with a racy, unctuous humor which makes his wisdom as grateful to our taste as whale oil is to the palate of an Esquimau. He is not a "product of the soil," with a local flavor. He is of universal relish, as is witnessed by the wide popularity of his newspaper contributions.

BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER.

It is not generally known when or where he was born, nor is it a matter of much consequence since his career did not begin till he was blown up, some fifteen years ago, on an Ohio river steamboat. He is, perhaps, the only example of a man who has been lifted into fame by being tossed a hundred feet into the air, and coming down, more dead than alive, to tell the story. He then was standing as his printer's case, when he was so far recovered as to limp about, he put into type "How It Feels To Be Blown Up," and the whole west burst into laughter. That laugh made "M. Quad" famous. He was then transferred from the composing-room to the editorial department, and ever since short extracts from his writings have been copied into every journal throughout the country.

About ten years ago he invented—or rather created—"His Honor" and "Bijah," and "Brother Gardner," of the "Lime-Kiln Club"—characters totally dissimilar, but each as natural, original, individual, and ludicrous as any in American literature. "His Honor" presides over a police court, and makes sage reflections upon men and things as they come into his field of view. "Brother Gardner" is a shrewd and quaint gentleman of color, who has all the idioms and characteristics of his race, but is not a burlesque on our colored fellow citizens; he handles his own people gently, but satirizes the foibles, frailties and weaknesses of the whites intimately. His sayings might be termed explosive wisdom—the reader is sure to imbibe a wise thought but it is certain to explode with him. "Artemus Ward" created one character; "M. Quad" has given birth to three, and each one has, during a period of ten years, given delight to millions.

The man is precisely what we are led to expect from his writings. He is by turns "His Honor," "Bijah" and "Brother Gardner," with the dry humor and quaint wisdom that is peculiar to each character. "If there is an older man than he in the country," said a Detroit gentleman to me not long ago, "we would like to have him sent along with the circus." His looks, his manner, even the tones of his voice, are peculiar and eccentric. He talks as he writes, and always without any seeming premeditation.

AT HOME IN HIS "DEN."

His "den," as he calls his "sanctum," in an upper story of The Free Press building is a curiosity shop filled with odd mementoes and knick-knacks. Here is a bit of rope that helped to hang a murderer, and a pair of shackles of the old slave time; there are bullets from Gettysburg, powder-flasks from the Merrimac, and swords, sabers, muskets, and shot and shell from a score of battle-fields, while around the walls, side by side with portraits of Sheridan and Custer and busts of Grant and Lee, are pictures of a dozen of the most noted criminals. But the oddest thing in the room is a slender man of about 40, with close cropped gray hair, heavy mustache, keen, intent eyes, and an earnest, somewhat eager expression, who sits at an old-fashioned table, and looks up with a smile of welcome as a stranger enters his appartment. This is "M. Quad," known among his personal acquaintances as C. B. Lewis; and he works away at that table eight hours in a day, writing at high pressure, and now and then seeking relaxation in a little merriment with "Bijah" and "Brother Gardner," for his best work is done as a relief from the daily drudgery of journalism.

The revisers have not been able to amend the text: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you," and if it is to be taken literally, "M. Quad" is in a bad way, as all his acquaintances unite in saying that he is to operate, social, domestic, kind-hearted, a lover of his friends and a hater of nobody. He is, also, they say, open-handed, and so given to charity that, though imposed upon seven times in a day by fraudulent mendicancy, he again seven times in a day empties his pockets to the pleadings of distress. He is also said to be modest, and not at all puffed up by the fact that he has a weekly audience of a million, nearly one-half of whom are matter-of-fact Englishmen, who take him with their beefsteak and ale, as a sure help to a healthy digestion. He is spoken of as odd and eccentric, and that he may be, but I incline to the opinion that this peculiarity is due to the fact that Nature produced him in one of her genial moods, when she would do the world a kindly turn by bestowing on it a gentle soul, who should do us good by spreading for us a wholesome feast of mingled wit and wisdom.—Harper's Magazine.

Cases of "Unconscious Magnetism."

There are hundreds of people who seem to have a fatal faculty for knocking things over. It is not safe to let such people come near a large or a valuable vase. They are sure to brush against it, and over it goes. I saw a slight young man on one occasion merely brush against a heavy marble statue, and it fell—fortunately on the grass of the lawn. He declared that he did not push it, and I don't believe he did. It was unconscious magnetism. These people I speak off, whom other people call "clumsy," are magnetic and unconscious of their power. It's a queer subject and worth following up, although where it would lead no one can tell.—Philadelphia Call.

Her Crown of Glory.

Gray and red are the coarsest hair, black less coarse than these, brown finer, and flaxen finest. In Spain auburn hair, and even red, is looked upon as a great beauty; so it has usually been in countries where dark complexions predominate. Witness the blue eyes and golden tresses of the classical poets of antiquity, and the yellow periwigs which the Roman ladies of the imperial times used to import from the banks of the Rhone and the Danube.—Exchange.

Why did the Women

of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

HOUSEKEEPER.

NICE RICE PUDDING:—Wash a small cup of rice and place it on the fire in one quart of water, cook slow for one hour, or until the water boils away, then add two quarts of nice milk, half cup of butter one and a half cups sugar, half of a nutmeg, five well beaten eggs and half pound raisins. Bake slowly for one hour.

WASHINGTON PIE AS JELLY CAKE.—One cup flour, one of sugar, three eggs, teaspoon of cream of tartar sifted in flour one half teaspson soda dissolved in three tablespoons sweet milk, Flavor with lemon, when baked spread with jelly of whatever kind desired.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.— One coffee cup and a half of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter (not melted), one cup of sweet milk, the yolks of three eggs, two coffee cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half teaspoonful of saleratus sifted in flour.

Subscribe for this paper and send it to your absent friends who are interested in the county news.

It is said that there is always some poison made for the "lame and the lazy". There is also a punishment decreed for the lazy, which is, that they shall lose their possessions from their lack of care. Their indolence prevents the accumulation of property because it costs so much to repair the damage done by their inactivity that they cannot save any amount. A slovenly mode of dressing is often caused by sheer indolence, and not from any lack of taste or judgment. Garments may be expensive in material and finely made and trimmed, but if they are are not taken care of they soon lose their freshness, and are no better than less expensive clothing. They acquire a look of laziness from their owners. All clothing should be protected from dust and kitchen odors. It is not pleasant to meet on the street anyone whose garments smell of the frying pan. It is an all pervading odor which even fresh air will not instantly annihilate. A little thoughtful care will prevent all this. If all the rooms and clothes closets are on one floor it is positively necessary that fresh air be admitted freely every day in order that the atmosphere of the house be pure, and the closets should be aired as well as the rooms. Dresses should never be thrown down. They should be shaken and brushed thoroughly before they are hung carefully away, right side out, so that creases may not so easily appear. Dresses that are packed should be folded right side out for the same reason, as the material folding over the lining will not wrinkle so easily. The dress braid is another matter requiring constant care, as it should be replaced by a new one as soon as it commences to "fray." Careful brushing prompt repairing and vigilant care will save many a garment from a premature "old age" and such care is a good corrective for the habit of laziness.

Cold weather in this climate always incites Catarrh. G. W. Dunne, Corinna, Me., makes the following statement: "I have been troubled with Catarrh many years. I have received great benefit from the use of Bell's Sarsaparilla." (50 cents per bottle.)

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Place in a baking dish a thick layer of canned cherries, drained from their syrup, and pour over them one scant cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, creamed together, two cupfuls of flour into which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted, one egg, and two-thirds of a cup of milk. When baked turn it upside down and serve with any chosen sauce, one made with sugar and butter, and the syrup of the cherries being excellent.

GINGER SNAPS.— Mix together and boil for three minutes one quarter of a pound of butter, one quarter of a pound of lard, one quarter of a pound of sugar, one pint of of molasses and two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger. When cool mix smoothly with two pounds of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of soda and one of cream of tartar. Moisten with a little milk, roll thin, cut into cakes and bake.

The ADVERTISER Job Print is capable of turning out good work at *reasonable prices*, and with dispatch. Letter paper, envelopes, cards, shipping tags, etc

CELERY CROQUETTES.— Mince the white part of celery and mix well with an equal quantity of bread crumbs; to a quart of the mixture add the yolks of two eggs, a heaping salt-spoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne; moisten with a little milk if the moisture from the celery is not sufficient. Shape in cones, dip in eggs and crumbs and fry in a liberal quantity of fat.

Miraculous Escape.

W. W. Reed, druggist, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "One of my customers, Mrs. Louisa Price, Bartonia, Randolph Co., Ind., was a long sufferer with Consumption and was given up to die by her physicians. She heard of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and began buying it of me. In six months' time she walked to this city, a distance of six miles, and is now so much improved she has quit using it. She feels she owes her life to it." Free Trial Bottles at Noyes' Drug Store.

BIRTHS.

In South Paris, Feb. 20, to the wife of E. J. Spofford, twin daughters.

In South Bethel, Feb. 19, to the wife of Will Frost, a son.

In Fryeburg, Feb. 11, to the wife of Lewis A. Ridlon, a son.

MARRIAGES.

In Leicester, Mass., Feb. 16, by Rev. H. C. Estes, D. D., Loren B. Morrill and Isabelle M. Garland, both of Paris.

In Sumner, Feb. 17, by Rev. W. Benvins, Roscoe G. Stephens and Nellie W. Russell, both of Sumner.

In Harrison, Lavater W. Sanborn and Alvena Archibald, both of Naples.

In Harrison, Feb. 15, Albert W. Dudley and Llewella B. Twitchell.

DEATHS.

In Hartford, Feb. 19, William Bicknell, aged 83 years.

In Locke's Mills, Feb. 17, Freddie L., son of E. L. and Lizzie M. Tebbets, aged 5 years, 10 months, 16 days.

In Sweden Feb. 12, Edmund Kimball, aged 71 years, 4 months.

In Otisfield, Feb. 14, Asa Peaco.

In Stow, Feb. 19, Susan Farrington.

In Harrison, Feb. 19, Lewis G. Brackett, aged 59 years.

In Harrison, Feb 22, John Fogg, aged about 80 years.

In Otisfield Gore, Feb. 22, Enoch Hamlin, aged about 40 years.

In Wilson's Mills, Feb. 10, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Linnell.

In Rumford Center, Feb. 19, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stephens, aged 2 months and 26 days.

In Kezar Falls, Feb. 18, Stephen W. Perkins, aged about 80 years.

In Brownfield, Feb. 20, Mrs. Patty Stickney, aged 88 years.

If you want a servant,
If you want a situation,
If you want help of any kind,
If you have a house to sell,
If you have a house to let,
If you want to buy a house,
If you want to hire a house,
If you want to sell a horse,
If you wish to buy a horse,
If you want boarders,
If you want a boarding-place,
If you have found anything,
If you have lost anything,

ADVERTISE IN THE ADVERTISER

This paper has a larger circulation than any other paper in the State that is published outside the cities.

NOTICE!

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE
—AT—
J. F. ALLEN'S.

I have a large Stock of Goods that must be Closed Out in the

NEXT TWENTY DAYS

I have a large invoice of goods ordered and the goods I have on hand now are going to be sold at prices that will insure a quick sale as I must have the room for my new goods.

BELOW I QUOTE A FEW OF MY LOW PRICES:

Ladies' Mat Top Rink Goat Fox boot,	$2.40
Ladies' Mat Top Rink Kid Fox boot,	2.25
Ladies' Mat Top Rink Kid Fox boot,	1.50
Ladies' Mat Top Kid boot,	1 25
Job Lot French Kid narrow width boot,	1.00
Men's Boss Seamless Congress,	2.00
Men's Boss Seamless Bals.,	2.00
Men's Veal Calf Congress solid leather,	1.75
Men's Veal Calf Bals. solid leather	1.75

Mens' Slippers in great variety. Childrens' and Misses' boots of all descriptions.

All of my Large Stock is Marked Down
—And will be sold—
Regardless of Cost

For we must have room for my New Goods. Remember my

LOW PRICES IN RUBBER GOODS.

Come early and secure the best bargains,

J. F. ALLEN.

Our Motto: Quick Sales and Small Profits.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO BUY CLOTHING!
CHEAP FOR CASH,
—AT—
WEBB & WAKEFIELD'S,
Popular Clothiers,
110 Main St., (Nearly opposite Post Office.) NORWAY, Me.

S. L. CROCKETT,
REGISTERED APOTHECARY,
NORWAY, - - - - MAINE.

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Trusses, Etc. Store always in charge of a Registered Apothecary.

PRESCRIPTION BUSINESS A SPECIALTY,
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Room Papers Window Shades.
Window Shades Fitted and Hung at short notice, and at reasonable rates.

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Have a very Fine Line of

Dress Goods!

With Velvets, Buttons and other Trimmings to match. Remember they

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF SILKS!

And Fine Dress Goods and you can find

NO BETTER PLACE IN THE COUNTY

To purchase Goods in this Line. They invite you to call at

129 Main St., Norway, Maine.

A SPECIAL FROM
BRACKETT'S BRANCH

To the people of Norway and Vicinity.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF
DRY AND FANCY GOODS

To be closed out at once by

PUBLIC AUCTION!

Having made arrangements to Enlarge, Remodel, and fix over our store in first-class shape and to have it done for the Spring Business, we have got to give it to the Carpenters at once and to do so we are compelled to do it the quickest way possible. We have decided to give our many Patrons for a short time first-class

Dry and Fancy Goods,

At about your own price, whatever you may offer; by offering you entire stock at Auction commencing

THURSDAY AFTERNOON AT 2 O'CLOCK,

And continuing every afternoon at 2 o'clock and every evening at 7 o'clock until Every Dollar's Worth is closed out. Now is your time to buy Dry and Fancy Goods at your own prices.

THIS IS A SALE THAT HAPPENS ONCE IN A LIFETIME,

And everybody should avail themselves of this opportunity to secure some Tremendous Bargains. Remember we have

GOT TO CLEAR OUT THIS STOCK

Just as soon as possible to make room for the fixing over of the Store.

EVERYBODY IS INVITED TO ATTEND

This sale and to secure a pile of first-class Goods for a very little money. Remember the Auction sale commences Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock continuing afternoon and evening with private sales in the forenoon until all is closed out.

GEO. A. COLE, Auctioneer.

Brackett's Branch, (Opposite Elm House,) Norway, Me.

NEW JEWELRY STORE, NORWAY.
VIVIAN W. HILLS,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware,

Gold Pens, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc., Etc.

Prompt and Personal Attention to fine Repairing, Rating and Adjusting of Watches; Key Watches changed to Stem Wind.

Spectacle and Eye Glasses fitted to most difficult eyes.

Satisfaction Guaranteed at HILLS the New Jeweler.

137 Main St., Norway Block, Norway, Me.

Special Drives!

At Extremely LOW PRICES for a Short Time for Cash or Country Produce at

C. HOWARD LANE'S,
West Paris, - - - - - Maine.

LARGE STOCK OF NEW GOODS!
NOBBY STYLES,
LOWEST PRICES!
—AT THE—
Clothing House
—OF—
J. F. HUNTINGTON & CO.,

Where you can find Mens', Boys' and Children's SUITS in a large variety of styles and at lowest prices.

OVERCOATS! Before buying your overcoats, call and see our stock; we can save you money. HATS and CAPS in all the latest styles; call and see. UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS! We carry a large line of Under-wear, ranging in price from 25c. to $2. It will pay you to call and examine. WOOLENS! The best stock of Woolens to

A CHALLENGE

"Good-night," he said, and he held her hand
In a hesitating way,
And hoped that her eyes would understand
What his tongue refused to say.

He held her hand, and he murmured low;
"I'm sorry to go like this.
It seems so frightly cool, you know,
This 'Mister' of ours, and 'Miss.'

"I thought—perchance"—and he paused to note
If she seemed inclined to frown,
But the light in her eyes his heartstrings smote,
As she blushingly looked down.

She spoke no word, but she picked a speck
Of dust from his coat lapel;
So small, such a wee, little, tiny fleck,
'Twas a wonder she saw so well;

But it brought her face so very near,
In that dim, uncertain light,
That the thought, unspoken, was made quite clear,
And I know 'twas a sweet "Good-night."

THE RED ACORN.

BY JOHN M'ELROY,

Author of "Andersonville," Etc.

The buriers found it better to begin their work by covering the features with a cap or a broad brimmed h.t. It was difficult for the coarsest of them to fling a spadeful of dank clay directly upon the wide-open eyes and staring, simply-speaking mouth.

"Those fellows' souls," said Kent, regarding the corpses, "seem to have left their earthly houses in such haste that they forgot to close the doors and windows after them. Somewhere I have read of a superstition that bodily tenements left in this way were liable to be entered and occupied by evil spirits, and from this rose the custom of piously closing the eyes and mouths of deceased friends."

"No worse spirits likely to get into them than was shot out of 'em," growled Abe. "A Confederate with a gun is as bad an evil spirit as I ever expect to meet. But let's go on. It's another kind of an evil spirit that we are interested in just now—one that'll enter into and occupy our empty canteen."

"You're right. It's the enemy that my friend Shakespeare says we 'put into our mouths to steal away our brains.' By the way, what a weary hunt he must have in your cranium for a load worth stealing."

"There goes that clack mill again. Great Cæsar! if the boys only had legs as lively as your tongue, what a racer the regiment would be! Cavalry'd be nowhere."

They walked on rapidly for a couple or three hours, without finding much encouragement in their search. The rugged mountain sides were but thinly peopled, and the few poor cabins they saw in the distance they decided were not promising enough of results to justify clambering up to where they were perched. At last, almost wearied out, they halted for a little while to rest and scan the interminable waves of summits that stretched out before them.

"Ah," said Kent, rising suddenly, "let's go on. Hope dawns at last. I smell apples. That's a perfume my nose never mistakes. We're near an orchard. Where there's an orchard there's likely to be a pretty good style of a house, and where in a Kentucky there's good style of a house there's a likelihood of being plenty of good whisky. Now there's a train of brilliant inductive reasoning that shows that nature intended me to be a great natural philosopher. Come on, Abe."

The smell of apples certainly did grow more palpable as they proceeded, and Abe muttered that even if they did not get anything to drink they would probably get enough of the fruit to make an agreeable change in their diet.

They emerged from the woods into a cleared space where a number of roads and paths focused. To the right was a little opening in the mountain side, hardly large enough to be called a valley, but designated in the language of the region as a "hollow." At its mouth stood a cozy-looking little log cabins, of the rudest possible construction, and roofed with clapboards held in place by stones and poles. A long string of wooden troughs, supported upon props, conducted the water from an elevated spring to the roof of one of the cabins, and the water could be seen issuing again from underneath the logs at one side of the cabin. A very primitive cider mill—two wooden rollers fastened in a frame, and moved by a long sapling sweep attached to one of them—stood near. The ground was covered with rotting apple pomace, from which arose the odor that had reached Kent's nose.

"Hello!" said the latter, "here's luck; here's richness! We've succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations, as the boy said when away from school to catch mimows, and caught a chicken, a bad cold and a licking. We've struck an apple-jack distillery, and as they've been at work lately, they've probably left enough somewhere to give us all that we can drink."

Abe's sigh was eloquent of a disbelief that such a consummation was possible, short of the blissful hereafter.

Inside of one of the cabins they found a still about the size of a tub, with a worm of similar small proportions, kept cool by the flow from the spring. Some tubs and barrels in which the lees of cider were rapidly turning to vinegar, gave off a fruity, spirituous odor, but for awhile their eager search did not discover a bit of the distilled product. At last Kent, with a cry of triumph, dragged from a place of cunning concealment a small jug, stopped with a corncob. He smelled it hungrily.

"Yes, here is some. It's applejack, not a week old and as rank as a major general. Fiave? I can smell every stick they burned to distill it. Abe, watch me closely while I drink. I magnanimously take the lead, out of consideration for you. If I ain't dead in five minutes you try it."

"Cut stop monkeying and drink," was the impatient answer.

Kent put the jug to his mouth and took a long draught. "Shade of old Father Noah, the first drunkard," he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "another swig like that would pull out all the rivets in my internal pipings. Heavens! it went down like pulling a cat out of a hole by the tail. I'm afraid to wipe my mouth, lest my breath burn a hole in the sleeve of my blouse."

Three-quarters of an hour later the spirits in the jug were lowering and those in the men rising with unequal rapidity. Under the influence of the fiery stimulant, Kent's sanguine temperament boiled and bubbled over. Imagination painted the present and future in hues of dazzling radiance. Everything was as delightful as it could be wished for, and would become more charming as time rolled on. But with Abe Bolton drinking tended to develop meanness into savagery.

"Ah, comfort me with applejack, and stay me with flagons of it!" said Kent Edwards, setting down the jug with the circumspection of a man not yet too drunk to suspect that he is losing exact control of his legs and arms. "That gets better the deeper down you go. First it was like swallowing a chestnut burr; now, old hand made Bourbon couldn't be smoother."

"A man can get used to a'most anything," said Bolton.

"I get gladder every day, Abe, that I came into the army. I wouldn't have missed all this experience for the finest farm in the Miami valley.

"Twere worth ten years of peaceful life to soldier half a day.

Sir Walter Scott says—as I improve him.

"Specially one of them soaking days when we were marching through the mud to Wildcat."

"O, those were just brown in to make us appreciate good weather when we have it. Otherwise we wouldn't. You know what the song says:

For spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

"Well, for my part, one of them days was enough to pison six months o' sunshine. I declare, I believe I'll feel mildewed for the rest of my life. I know if I pulled off my clothes you could scrape the green mold off of my back."

"And I'm sure that if we'd had the whole army to pick from, we couldn't've got in with a better lot of boys and officers. Every one of them's true blue, and a man all the way through. It's the best regiment in the army, and our company's the best company in the regiment, and I flatter myself the company hasn't got two of her as good men as we are."

"Your modesty 'll ruin you yet, Kent," said Abe, sardonically. "It's very painful to see a man going round underrating himself, as you do. If I could only get you to have a proper opinion of yourself—that is, believe that you are a bigger man than Gen. Scott or George B. McClellan, I'd have some hopes of you."

"We'll have one grand, big battle with the Secessionists now, pretty soon—everything's getting ripe for it—and we'll whip them like Wellington whipped Napoleon at Waterloo. Our regiment will cover itself with glory, in which you and I will have a big share. Then we'll march back to Sardis with flags flying and drums beating, everybody turning out, and the bands playing 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes,' when you and I come down the street, and we'll be heroes for the rest of our natural lives."

"Go ahead, and tell the rest of it to the mash tubs and the still. I've heard as much as I can stand, and I must have a breath of fresh air. I'm going into the other cabin to see what's there."

Kent followed him to the door with the jug in his hand.

"Kent, there's a man coming down that path there," said Abe, pulling himself together, after the manner of a half drunken man whose attention is powerfully attracted.

"Where?" asked Kent, setting the jug down with solicitous gentleness, and reaching back for his musket.

"There, by that big chestnut. Can't you see him? or have you got so much whisky in you that you can't see anything? He's in Confederate clothes, and he's got a gun. I'm going to shoot him."

"Maybe he's one of these loyal Kentuckians. Hold on a minute, till you are sure," said Kent, half cocking his own gun.

"The last words of Gen. Washington were: 'Never trust a nigger with a gun.' A man with that kind of color has no business carrying weapons around in this country. I'm going to shoot."

"If you shoot with your hands wobbling that way you'll make him as full of holes as a skimmer. That'd be cruel. Steady yourself up a little, while I talk to him.

"Halt there!" commanded Kent, with a thick tongue. "Who are you, and how many are with you?"

"I'm a Union man," said Fortner, for it was he, "an' I'm alone."

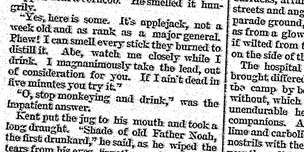
"Lay down your gun and come up here if you are a friend," ordered Kent.

The swaggering imperiousness in Edwards' tone nettled Fortner as much as the order itself. "I don't make a practice of layin' down my gun for no man," he said proudly. "I'm ez good Union ez any of you uns dar be, an' I don't take no orders from ye. I could've killed ye both of I'd a-wanted tr'afore ye ever seed me."

Bolton's gun cracked, and the bullet buried itself in the thick, soft bark of the chestnut, just above Fortner's head, and threw dust and chips in his eyes. He blinked them away angrily and instinctively raised his rifle. Kent took this as his cue to fire, but his aim was even worse than Abe's.

"Ruined again by strong drink," he muttered despairingly, as he saw the failure of his shot. "Nothing but new applejack could make me miss so fair a mark."

"Now, ye fellers, lay down yore guns!" shouted Fortner, springing forward to where they were with his rifle cocked. "Lay 'em down! I say. Lay 'em down, or I'll let daylight through ye!"



"Now ye fellers, lay down yore guns!"

"He's got us, Abe," said Kent, laying down his musket reluctantly. His example was followed by Abe, who, however, did not place it up again, for that he could not readily pick it up again, if Fortner gave him an instant's opportunity. Fortner noticed this and pushed the musket farther away with his foot, still covering the two with his rifle.

"Ye see now," he said, "thet I hev ye at my mercy; ef I wanted to kill or capture ye. Ef I gin ye back yer guns, you'll admit thet I'm yer friend, and not yer inimy, won't ye?"

"I'll certainly look like an overture to a permanent and disinterested friendship," said Kent, brightening up; and Abe, who was gathering himself up for a spring to catch Fortner's rifle, let his muscles relax again.

"Well, ye kin take up yer guns agin and load 'em," said Fortner, letting down the hammer of his rifle. "I'm Jim Fortner, suppose ye be the pizenest Union man on the Rockaset! Come along ter my house, an' I'll gin ye a good meal o' vittels. Hit's only a little piece off, an' I've got thar one of yer fellers. His name's Harry Glen.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

An army hospital is the vestibule of the cemetery, the ante-room where the recruiting agents of death—wounds and disease—assemble their conscripts to prepare them for the ranks from which there is neither desertion nor discharge.

It was a broiling hot day when Rachel Bond descended from the ambulance which had brought her from the station to camp.

She shielded her eyes with a palm leaf fan, and surveyed the surroundings of the post of duty to which she had been assigned. She found herself in a little city of rough plank barracks, arranged in geometrically correct streets and angles about a great plain of a parade ground, from which the heat radiated as from a glowing stove. A flag drooped as if wilted from the top of a tall pole standing on the side of the parade ground opposite her.

The hospital to which Rachel had been brought differed from the rest of the sheds in the camp by being whitewashed within and without, which made it radiate a still more unendurable heat than its duller-lustered companions. A powerful odor of chloride of lime and carbolic acid shocked her sensitive nostrils with their tales of all the repulsiveness those disinfectants were intended to destroy or hide.

Several dejected, hollow-eyed convalescents, whose uniforms hung about their wasted bodies as they would about wooden crosses, sat on benches in the scanty shade by one side of the building, and fanned themselves weakly with fans clumsily fashioned from old newspapers. They looked up as the trim, lady-like figure stepped lightly down from the ambulance, and the long absent luster returned briefly to their sad eyes.

"That looks like home, Jim," said one of the fever wasted.

"That it does. Lordi she looks as fresh and sweet as the Johnny-jump-ups down by our old spring house. I expect she's come down here to find somebody that belongs to her that's sick. Don't I wish it was me!"

"I wouldn't mind being a brother, or a cousin, or a sweetheart to her myself. That's be better luck than to be given a sutler shop. Just see her move! She's got a purtier gait than our thoroughbred colt."

"You're a-talking. She's a lady—every inch of her—genuine, simon-pure, fast colors, all wool, a yard wide, as fine as silk and bright as a May morning."

"And as wholesome as spring sunshine."

All unconscious that her appearance was to the invalids who looked upon her like a sweet, health giving breeze bursting through a tainted atmosphere, Rachel passed wearily along the burning walks toward the surgeon's office, with a growing heart sickness at the unwelcome appearance of the task she had elected for herself.

The journey had been full of irritating discomforts. Heat, dust and soiled linen are only annoyances to a man; they are real miseries to a woman.

Ushered into the surgeon's office she was presented to Dr. Denslow, a hazel-eyed, brown-bearded man of 30. The reader has already made his acquaintance. He received her with the pleasant, manly sympathy for her sex, which had already made him one of the most popular of family physicians in the city where he was practicing at the outbreak of the war.

Rachel's depressed spirits rose again at his cordial reception.

"I am so busy," he said, after a brief exchange of commonplaces, "that I'll not have the time to give you much information this afternoon as to your duties, and I know that you are so fatigued with your journey and the heat that you will not care to do anything but rest and refresh yourself. I will therefore show you immediately to your quarters."

"This will be your field of labor," he said, as he led her down the long aisle between rows of cots toward her room. "It's not a cheerful one to contemplate at first. Human suffering is always a depressing spectacle, and you will see here more of it and more outside of an army hospital's walls. But as the deed is so is the duty, and the glory of doing it.

So earnest was his enthusiasm that Rachel felt herself lifted up by it, in spite of her discomforts. But then she turned her eyes away from his impassioned face, and looked over the array of white beds, each with its pale and haggard occupant, his eyes blazing with the delirium of fever, or closed in the languor of exhaustion, with limbs tossing as the febrile fire seethed the blood, or quivering with the last agonies. Groans, prayers and not a few oaths fell on her ears. The repulsive smell of the disinfectants, the nauseating odor of the sick room where hundreds of invalids were lying, the horrible effluvia of the typhus rose on the hot air, and seemed part of the misery which so strongly assailed her other senses.

She was sick at heart, and with every feeling in active revolt, but without a word, she turned and followed Dr. Denslow to a hot, close, little room which had been cut off one end of the hospital, though not so separated from it but that the sounds and odors from the sick wards continually filtered in through the wide cracks in its plank sides. An iron bedstead, of the same pattern as that upon which the sick lay, stood in one corner, and in another was a rude, rudely fashioned stand, upon which was a tin basin, a cake of yellow bar soap, and a bucket of water for washing. This was all the furniture.

As the iron door closed behind the doctor, Rachel threw herself upon the cot, in a fit of despair at the wreck of all her fancies, and the repulsiveness of the career upon which she had embarked.

"Courage—I will not—live here a week," she said to herself, over and over again. "I will die for the lack of the comforts—of the decencies of life, even—to say nothing of being poisoned by these horrible smells, or driven distracted by the raving sick and that boor of a surgeon. But I cannot draw back; I would rather die than go back to Sardis with a confession of failure at the very outset of my attempt to play the heroine."

Then she remembered her last words to Harry Glen: "I only know that you have failed where a number of commonplace men have succeeded, and that is sufficient."

Would she subject herself to having him throw those words in her teeth? No. Any shape of trial and death, rather.

CHAPTER XV.

MAKING AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH DUTY.

Nervously bolting the rude door after Dr. Denslow's departure, Rachel tossed her hat into one corner, and without further undressing flung herself down upon the coarse blankets of the cot, in utter exhaustion of mind and body. Nature, beneficent ever to her weak health, at once drew the kindly curtain of sleep, and the world and its woes became oblivion.

Early the next morning the shrill reveille called for a resumption of the day's activities. She was awakened by the fifes screaming a strenuously cheerful jig, but lay for some minutes without opening her eyes. She was so perfectly healthful in every way that the tribulations of the previous day had left no other traces than a slight weariness. But day's experience was not a nightmare of her sleep, but a waking reality. The morning sun was already pouring hot beams upon the thin roof over her head. Through the wide cracks in the partition came the groans and the nauseating odors which had depressed her so on the day before. When they mingled with these some of spoiled coffee and ill-cooked food floating in from the kitchen, where a detail of slovenly and untaught cooks were preparing breakfast.

She shuddered and opened her eyes.

The rude garniture of her room, thickly covered with coarse dust, and destitute of everything to make life comfortable, looked even more repugnant than it had the evening before.

"It is not possible," she murmured to herself, "that Florence Nightingale and those who assisted her found their work and its surroundings as unlovely as it is here. I won't believe it. In Europe things are different, and the hospitals are made fitting places for women to visit and dwell in."

It would have helped her much if she could have known that the Crimean hospitals, in which Florence Nightingale won her world wide fame, lacked immeasurably the conveniences and comforts with which American ingenuity and lavish generosity mitigated somewhat the wretchedness of army hospitals.

Lying still becoming unendurable, she rose, in hopes that action might bring some sort of relief. Such plain toilet was made as the very limited means at her command permitted. The scant privacy afforded by her room was another torture. Maiden modesty suggested a Peeping Tom at every yawning crack in the planking.

At last, neatly attired in a serviceable gray frock, with a dainty white collar at her throat, and her satiny hair brushed smoothly over her forehead, she opened her door and stepped out into the main ward room.

A cheery voice behind her said "Good morning," and she turned to meet Dr. Paul Denslow.

"Good morning, Miss ——," he repeated, as she hesitated, a little dazed.

"Bond—Rachel Bond's my name. Good morning, sir," she answered, putting out her hand.

As he took it he said: "I want to make an abject apology. We are ill prepared to entertain a lady here, and no one knew of your coming. But we certainly intended to mitigate in some degree the desolation of the room to which you were conducted. I left you for the purpose of seeing what the storeroom contained that would contribute a trifle toward transforming it into a maiden's bower."

"Cinderella's fairy godmother couldn't have made the transformation with that room," she said, with a little shrug of despair.

"Probably not—probably not—and I lay no claim to even the least of the powers exercised by the old lady with the wand. But I allow no man to surpass me in the matter of good intentions. That is a luxury of which the poorest of us can afford an abundance, and I will not deny myself anything that is so cheap."

Rachel was beguiled into smiling at his merry cynicism.

"Allusions to the pavement in the uncomfortable place are barred in this connection," he continued gayly. "On my way to carry out these good intentions—at some one else's expense, remember, all the time—I was called to the bedside of a dying man, and detained there some time. When I at last returned to your room, I judged that you were fast asleep, and I decided not to disturb you."

"I think you would have found it a difficult matter to have awakened me. I had sunk on the cot, and was sleeping the sleep of——"

"Then the just," interposed Dr. Denslow, gallantly.

"No, of the fatigued."

"Well, scientific truth compels me to say that fatigue is a surer and stronger sedative than a clear conscience even. I know, for I have unconsciously tried a clear conscience—only by way of experiment, you know," he added, apologetically.

"Well, whatever the cause, I was sleeping as though on downy beds of ease."

"Then my mind is lightened of a mountain load of responsibility for having made you pass a miserable night. But let's go into breakfast. I am opposed to doing anything on an empty stomach—even to holding a sweet, healthful conversation. It invites malaria, and malaria brings a number of disagreeable sensations which people mistake for repentance, remorse, religious awakening, and so on, according to their mental idiosyncrasies and the state of their digestion."

The breakfast did not help remove the unpleasant impressions already made upon her mind. The cloth that covered the coarse pine table the table was unmistakably a well-worn sheet. Tin cups and platters made of a composition of zinc, and were appropriately accompanied by cast iron knives and two-tined forks.

Rachel's appetite had seemed sufficient for almost any food, but she confined her breakfast to two or three crackers of hard bread and a few sups of coffee.

As they rose from the table the doctor informed her that he and the stewards were about to make their morning round of the wards, and that she had better accompany them. She went along, without a word.

They walked slowly up and down the long aisles behind the doctor, who stopped before each cot, and closely examined its occupant's tongue, pulse and other indicators of his condition, and gave prescriptions, which the steward wrote down, as to medicine and food. What was better still were his words of sympathy for the very ill and of cheery encouragement for the convalescent, which he bestowed upon every one.

Rachel dreaded at each step lest the next bring her face to face with some horrible task which she would be expected to undertake. But the doctor, with his usual tact, was almost imperceptibly inducting her into her duties.

"Would Miss Bond kindly shake this powder into that cup of water and give it to that boy?"

She did so, and was rewarded by the recipient's grateful look, as he said:

"Ye don't seem at all nasty when you give it to me."

"Would she hand that one this bit of magnesia for his heartburn?"

It was a young Irishman who received the magnesia with a gallant speech:

"Faith, your white fingers have made it swater than loaf sugar."

Rachel colored deeply, and those within hearing laughed.

At the next cot a feverish boy tossed wearily. Rachel noticed the uncomfortable arrangement of the folded blanket which did duty as a pillow. She stepped quickly to the head of the cot, took the blanket out, refolded it with a few deft, womanly motions, and replaced it with a cool surface uppermost.

"O, that is so good," murmured the boy, half unclosing his eyes. "It's just as mother would've done it."

"O, that's so good," murmured the boy.

Dr. Denslow looked earnest approval.

Rachel began to feel an interest kindling in her work. It was not in a womanly nature to resist this cordial appreciation of all she did.

A few cots farther on a boy wanted a letter written home. She was provided with stationery, and, taking her place by the side of him, received his instructions, and wrote to his anxious parents the first news they had had from their only son since they had been informed, two weeks before, that he had been sent to the hospital. When she had finished she rejoined the doctor, who had by this time nearly completed his round of the ward. As soon as he was through he dismissed the stewards and wardmasters to their duties, and returned with her to her room. It was so changed that she thought she had made a mistake when she opened the door. The time of her absence had been well employed by a detail of men, whom the doctor had previously instructed. The floor was as white and clean as strong arms with an abundance of soap from hot water could scrub it, the walls and ceiling were neatly papered with Harper's Weeklies and Frank Leslies; other papers concealed the roughness of the table and shelves, white sheets and pillow cases had given the cot an air of inviting neatness, and before it lay a square of rag carpet. The window was shaded with calico curtains, the tin basin and dipper had been scoured to brightness, and beside them stood a cedar water pail with shining brass hoops.

"Ah," she said, with brightening face, "this is something like living."

"Yes," answered Dr. Denslow, "I imagine it is some improvement upon the sandy desert in which you spent the night. I hope we will soon be able to make it still more comfortable."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AMBUSCADE.

The day spent with Aunt Debby had been of the greatest benefit to Harry Glen. Since his parting with Rachel Bond there had been going on in his spirit a fermentation like that in which good wine discharges itself of its grossness and impurities, and becomes clear and fine. In this process had vanished the absorbing selfishness of a much indulged only son, and the supercilious egotism which came as an almost necessary result of his college curriculum. This spiritual ripening received its perfecting color and bloom from the serene exaltation of Aunt Debby's soul. So filled was she with lofty devotion to the cause, so complete her faith in its holiness, so unquestioning her belief that it was for it, and die if need be without a murmur, that contact with her would have inspired with pure patriotic enthusiasm a nature much less ready for such leavening than Harry's.

As Dr. Denslow had surmised, his faults were mainly superficial, and underneath them was a firm gristle of manhood which would speedily harden into bone. With the experience he had been having, days would seem to him as rapidly as ordinary years. He was himself hardly aware of the transformation, but only felt, as his physical exhaustion disappeared, a new eagerness to participate in the great work of the war. He was gratified to know a little later that this was no transient feeling. In the course of the evening Jim Fortner came in, with Kent Edwards and Abe Bolton. After they had all satisfied their hunger Fortner informed Harry and Aunt Debby that the enemy had fallen back to London, from which point he was sending out wagons into the surrounding country to gather up food, forage, arms, clothing, ammunition, etc., with the double object of depriving the Union men of them and adding the same to the Confederate resources. A long train had also been sent out to the Goose creek salt works—twenty-five miles northeast of London—to bring away a lot of salt stored there, of which the Confederates had even more need than of food.

Fortner proposed to go out in the morning and endeavor to catch a ture some of these wagons. It seemed altogether probable than a few might be caught in such a position that their guards could be killed or driven off.

All readily agreed to this plan, Aunt Debby leading off by volunteering, to ride ahead on her mare, as a scout.

Harry suddenly remembered that he was weaponless. "What shall I do for a gun?" he asked, anxiously.

"Why, I done forgot all 'bout gittin' ye a gun," said Fortner with real concern. "My mind was disturbed by the solution of the problem of how to git ye a gun. Ef I hed ye a hoss, I could git ye one easy enough. But I can't git ye a hoss without a gun, an' I can't git ye a gun without a hoss. Hit's a kind o' tetchy."

"Stop, Fortner, spread a few blankets on the floor, added a sack of bran for a pillow, and with some difficulty induced the two sleepers to lie down and take their slumbers in a more natural position.

"I'll find ye a gun," said Aunt Debby, as this operation was finished, and walking to a farther corner of the room, she came back bearing in her hand a rifle very similar to the one Fortner carried.

"Thar," she said, setting the delicately curved brazen heel down upon the hearth, and holding the muzzle at arm's length while she gazed at the gun with the admiration one cannot help feeling for a magnificent weapon, "is ez true a rifle ez ever a man put to his shoulder. If I didn't b'lieve ye ter be ez true ez steel ye shouldn't tech hit, fur hit b'longed ter the truest man in this livin' world."

"Hit wuz her husband's," explained Fortner, as her lips met firmly, as if choking down bitter memories.

"I'm givin' hit ter ye ter use ez hed a-used hit ef he war a-livin'," she said, steadying her tones with a perceptible effort. "I'm glad thet my hands can put inter yours the means ter avenge him."

Harry tried in vain to make an appropriate response.

"I'll clean hit up for ye," she said to Harry, as she saw Fortner beginning to furbish up his own rifle for the next day's duties.

That she was no stranger to the work was shown by the skill with which she addressed herself to it. Nothing that a Kentucky mountaineer does has more of the aspect of a labor of love, than his caring for a fine rifle, and any of them would have been put to shame by the deftness of Aunt Debby's supple hands. Removing the leathern hood which protected the lock, she carefully rubbed off the hammer and the nipple with a wisp of soft fine tow, and picked out the tube with a needle. Wrapping another bit of tow around the end of a wiping stick, she moistened it slightly in her mouth, and carefully swabbed out of the inside of the barrel every suspicion of dust and dirt. Each of the winding rifles was made clean and free along its whole course. Then the tow swab was lightly touched with sweet, unsalted goose fat, that it might spread a rust preventing film over the interior surface. She burnished the silver and brass ornaments, and rubbed the polished stock until it shone. When not a suspicion of soil or dirt remained anywhere, the delicate double triggers were examined and set so that they would yield at the stroke of a hair; a tuft of lightly oiled tow was placed over the nipple and another closed the muzzle.

"Thar," said Aunt Debby, setting the gun back against the logs, "is a rifle that'll allers do hits duty, of the man a-hold of hits does hits. Let's see how the ammunition is."

The powder horn was found to be well filled with powder and the box with caps, but there were only a few bullets.

To be continued.

Sunday-School Lesson.

For February 27th.

Destruction of Sodom.—Gen. xix, 26—15. Notes.—"Thy two daughters which are here."—Apparently the two who were engaged to the two sons-in-law spoken of before, but who were not yet married to them. "Without the city."—All the houses were compact within the city walls and none outside. ——"The Plain." ——"The capital letter indicates that this is what the broad valley of the Jordan was called. ——"My lord."—Equivalent to sir. ——"Lest evil overtake me."—Perhaps he feared robbery in the unprotected open country of the mountains. No one will sleep, with his family especially, outside a city walls unprotected if possible. ——"My soul shall live."—That is, I shall live. ——"Zoar."—Meaning a little one. The city is supposed to have been near the southern end of the Dead Sea. ——"Brimstone and fire."—Not necessarily the chemical substance brimstone, but a supernatural destruction by fire, whether by volcanic action, or by a conflagration of gas or bitumen at the slime pits from which the pitch or bitumen, or slime, or coal oil, by whatever name it may be called, was taken. Doubtless the Dead Sea was there long before, and there is no evidence or likelihood that the cities are beneath the water. ——"His wife looked back."—Not merely turned her head, but stopped, lingered, perhaps turned back. ——"A pillar of salt."—She was killed while she waited, and became covered with an incrustation of some sort.

Instruction.—There are times when all you can do is to shake the dust off his feet and leave the wicked. Those were Christ's orders in refusing to receive those who refused to receive his disciples after they had been warned. It will not do to stay in bad company to long, even to reform them. There came a time when God would be patient with Sodom no longer, and Lot had to leave it. Keep out of bad company. You may warn them but don't stay with them.

He lingered. That was dangerous. He had lived in Sodom so long that he had got to love it. He did not want to leave it. Evil communications had almost corrupted his good manners. Don't hang around bad places. Hurry from them. There is death there.

Many a man has been destroyed because he kept bad company. They have been consumed in the iniquity of other people. One man's sin drags down others besides himself. That is the reason for leaving them.

The Lord is merciful. He takes us by the hand as he did Lot's family and saves us from destruction. Let us hold his hand and we shall be safe.

A thorough and complete escape from temptation and sin is more than most folks want. They do not want to escape clear to the mountains. If they can't have sodom they would like Zoar. ——"I give up if they must, one sin, but cling to another, saying: "Is it not a little one?" It is not safe to stay in even the smallest city of the plain of sin; escape to the mountains.

Abraham's prayer for Sodom was heard as long as he prayed; only he did not pray long enough. So even Lot's prayer for Zoar was heard, although there was not one righteous man in it. The prayer of the good may save the wicked.

Sodom and Gomorrah are not the only places that God has had to destroy for their wickedness. There was one with the antediluvian world. It was so with Jerusalem and Nineveh and Babylon. It was the great empires of old. They perished because they were corrupt. Our own country will perish for only one cause, it perishes at all, and that because of being corrupt.

But our country is not becoming more and more corrupt. It is bad enough and we must fight hard enough to conquer the evil; but we are conquering it. The world is becoming better, and there is no present evidence that the country is likely to perish from the face of its people. But that is no reason why we should not labor hard to preserve it by cultivating the virtue of its citizens.

The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire was no more an indication of the divine displeasure than was that by conquest of Rome or of Jerusalem. One may be natural and the other supernatural, but that makes no difference. A people that loses morality loses manhood and cannot protect itself from its enemies.

Lot's wife started right and then looked back and perished. Many a man does that. He puts his hand to the plow and looks back. It were better for such that they had never been born. Let your consecration be perfect. Having begun a good work let God finish it in you. Look forward, not backward.

A Christian choice must be a whole hearted one. Let everything be left behind. One may have to leave much stuff in Sodom to be burned up. No matter; let it burn. It is better to let it burn and save yourself, than to linger or go back for it and die.

Medical Department.

EDITED BY C. W. BROWN, M. D.

How I Became a Homœopath. No. 5.

In 1849 we were visited by that dreadful scourge, the Asiatic cholera. It loomed up like a black cloud in the East, and moved westward with frightful rapidity, spreading sorrow and death in its mighty shadow. We prepared for its visitation by earnest thought and study. We mastered the opinions and practice of those who had witnessed the previous epidemics. They were so discordant and unsatisfactory that we faced the great enemy with fearful misgivings of our power to contend with him successfully. In our poor, blind, Allopathic superstition, that diseases are to be cured by their opposites, we exclaimed, "What powerful astringents must be needed for such profuse evacuations!—what sedatives for such vomitings!—what antispasmodics for such cramps!—what opiates for such horrible pains!—what heart-producing remedies for such deathly coldness!—what rapid stimulants for such fearful prostration!—what mighty specifics for fatal congestions!" Oh, the bewildering chaos of irrational theories and disgusting polypharmacy!

So we went to work with all the resources at our command. If there was no bile secreted, it was not for the want of calomel; if the sufferings of the poor patients were not mitigated, it was not for want of opiates; if they sank into fatal prostration, it was because brandy and capsicum and ether, and a hundred other stimulants, could not rally them; if they became cold as death, it was because mustard plasters and blisters, and frictions and stirring liniments, and steam baths and hot bricks, and bottles and boiled corn, and all the appliances for creating artificial heat from without, were no substitute for the animal heat, which was no longer generated within. The theories and practices in cholera, as innumerable as they are contradictory, reveal in the strongest light the fallacies, the absurdities, the *non sequiturs*, the monstrosities of Allopathic philosophy. Future ages of reason and truth will unquestionably class them all with the old negro's prescription for chronic diarrhœa—"Alum and rosin, sir; de alum to fotch de parts togedder, and de rosin to sodder 'em!"

Very many cases of diarrhœa, which would no doubt have become cholera, were cured by repose, diet, and simple mixtures, of which camphor was generally an ingredient. But when cholera was fully developed—when there was vomiting and rice-water discharges, and cramps and cold skin, and cold tongue and shrinking pulse—our success, honestly reported, was poor indeed. Death dogged our footsteps wherever we went; nor were we more unfortunate than our fellow physicians. Amazing paradox,—I obtained quite a reputation for curing cholera! Boasted specifics came crowding upon us from the journals and papers and by rumor and tradition. All were tried, and all failed. Our hearts sank within us, and amid the wailings of bereaved friends, and in the streets, black with funeral processions, we deplored in anguish the imbecility of our art. My dear old father exclaimed to me one day in his office, "My son, we had as well give our patients ice-water as any drug in the Materia Medica. The cases which get well would have recovered without treatment."

To be continued.

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